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The Daily Mirror.

No. 15.

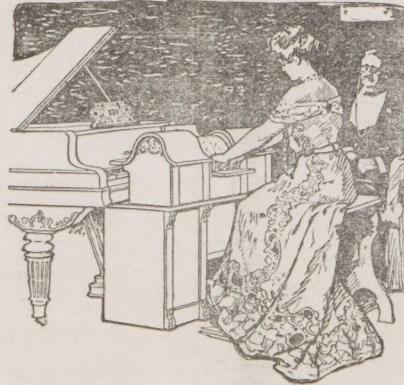
Registered at the G. P. O.
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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

One Penny.

The Pianola

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.



WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.



It is comparatively easy to tell what the Pianola is, but very difficult to convey a correct idea of it to the mind of any one who has not seen or heard it, for the reason that it has revolutionized preconceived ideas, and there are no standards by which to compare it.

Broadly speaking, it is an instrument by means of which any one can play the piano. This includes those who literally do not know one note from another.

The word "piano-player" has been applied to the Pianola, yet the name imparts a wrong impression. The Pianola simply does the finger-work, striking the notes in the right relation one to another as they are printed on the music-sheet—the player retaining all the pleasure of producing the music, because he has full power over expression.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It is rolled in front of the piano when you wish its aid, and rolled away when you desire to play the piano without it. It supplies the technique for any selection ever written for the piano, thereby increasing the repertoire of even the most skilled musician.

Think of the Pianola from a practical standpoint. You have a piano in your home, in which you have invested a large amount of money—certainly more than the instrument would be worth merely as an article of furniture. You may play, or you may not—there are undoubtedly many selections which you would like to play, but cannot. This limitation is not because the music is not in the piano, or for the reason that you cannot buy the piece, but simply because your fingers do not know the notes.

Picture for a moment a Pianola in your home. You can play for your own amusement, for the enjoyment of the entire family, or to entertain your guests. You can play your favorite grand-opera selections, the catchy music of the latest light opera, or the classical music heard but once or twice a year at a much-heralded concert. You can play Paderewski's repertoire, if you wish, giving it your own interpretation.

The Pianola must appeal to everyone who gives the subject thought, as a practicable and profitable investment.

It makes the piano worth to you all that it was intended to be worth.

The Pianola can be purchased on the hire system if desired.

We are pleased to show the Pianola to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers, knowing that the instrument will gain another friend whether a direct purchase results or not.



The Orchestrelle Co.

AEOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Sun and cold north winds; fine and frosty periods; some local showers of snow or sleet.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.3.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea moderate; Irish Channel rather rough to moderate.

322nd Day of Year.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903.

43 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Italian Visit.

THE visit of the KING and QUEEN of Italy to this country comes as a pleasant continuation of those cordial international feelings which have lately been manifested between England and France. It is sometimes said that these royal interchanges of courtesy mean practically very little, and that they do not represent or affect international public feeling. There is a little truth and much untruth in that view. It is true to this extent, that no cordiality between Sovereigns could counteract or alter a deep-rooted antipathy between two peoples; but these royal amenities mean a great deal when they follow upon, and give expression to, a cordial feeling between nations. These can only address each other through their ambassadors or their Sovereigns; and, in the case of royal visits, the Sovereign acts as host on behalf of the nation. And it is in this light that we should regard the Italian royal visit to KING EDWARD.

There is, however, quite a peculiar intimacy between Italy and England which endows the present occasion with a special significance. Among the nations of Europe, England may be ranked as Italy's oldest friend. Ties of art, of literature, of inspiration in both, join the two countries; but bonds greater and more lasting even than these exist. The House of Savoy, which KING VICTOR EMMANUEL represents, has for long counted England as a sure ally; and it has been England's privilege and pride to stand by Italy during that strenuous period when she cast off her unworthy bondage, and rose again as a people free and new-born. England's support, both in sympathy and in the material service of volunteers, went out to Italy in her great struggle; and she has shown herself neither ungrateful nor forgetful.

So much for the international aspect of the visit. There is, however, the personal aspect, which in some way counts for even more. The personality of KING VICTOR and QUEEN ELENA is what constitutes the real human interest of the visit. They are both young, not only in years, but in the cares and responsibilities of a throne; and they have both borne themselves in a way that elicits the most cordial admiration not only from their own people, but from those who are merely onlookers. KING VICTOR's austere training and repression as a prince had prepared even his own people to expect comparatively little from him as a ruler. They have since found their mistake. The rigid discipline to which as a youth he was subjected, the iron rule which forbade him to regard his rank as a privilege and taught him to look upon it rather as an obligation—these have, as we now see, but served to produce in him that austere sense of devotion to the common cause which is a first essential in the monarch of a free people. He has from the very first kept before him the highest ideals of duty, and has shown that he expects equal devotion from all who serve the country. He has promoted efficiency, he has uprooted bureaucracy—in a hundred ways he has already put his mark on a reign which we hope may be long continued and happily crowned.

Of QUEEN ELENA it may almost be said that she speaks for herself, or that her face speaks for her. She is remarkably endowed with those charming, wholesome, and essentially feminine qualities which we have all long admired in QUEEN ALEXANDRA. Her influence among her own people is altogether admirable; and no doubt before she leaves us we shall be able to appreciate still better her many rare and attractive qualities. It will be a universal hope that the fatigues of her visit will not be a burden to her, and that she and KING VICTOR will carry back with them to Italy many pleasant memories of English hospitality.

Court



Circular.

Windsor Castle, November 17.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy arrived at the Castle this afternoon on a visit to their Majesties the King and Queen.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Sir Charles Cust, R.N., received the King and Queen of Italy on arrival at Portsmouth on behalf of the King and Queen.

The King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales travelled by special train from Portsmouth to Windsor.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria and the Duke of Connaught, drove to the Great Western Railway Station in Windsor and received their

Majesties on arrival and accompanied them to the Castle.

Their Majesties were conducted to the State Apartments of the Castle, which had been prepared for them the Grand Staircase being lined by troopers of the 1st Life Guards, under the command of Captain H. M. Walker.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with their Highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with their Majesties the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Italy this evening.

Captain His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, Viscount Milner, and Lord and Lady Lamington have left the Castle.

All To-Day's News at a Glance.

Social.

The King has sent a sympathetic telegram of inquiry to Lord Kitchener.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena of Italy arrived at Portsmouth yesterday, and proceeded to Windsor, where they were welcomed by the King and the Queen. Last evening the royal guests were present at a dinner-party at the Castle.

Princess Louise of Saxony, the ex-Crown Princess, who is on her way to the Isle of Wight, left Paris for London yesterday, travelling via Calais.

Viscountess Barrington has died in London.

Lord Roberts continues to make satisfactory progress.

Sir John Blundell Maple is a little better.

Prince Soltykoff's condition shows a decided loss of strength.

Political.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking at Frome last night, said that all good Liberals would welcome Lord Rosebery's appeal for unity at this time.

Mr. Ritchie will reply at Thornton Heath to-night to Mr. Chamberlain's accusations made against him at Tyneside that he sprung on the Cabinet the day before the Budget his refusal to accept the preferential treatment of Canadian corn.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain left Birmingham for London yesterday, and may proceed to Cardiff to-morrow for the great fiscal campaign meeting.

After speaking at Cardiff on Friday, Mr. Chamberlain will address a meeting of Conservative working men at Newport, Mon., on Saturday.

Mr. Hall Caine was returned to the House of Keys for the Ramsey division yesterday, receiving 503 votes, while his opponent, Mr. Kermode, received 281.

Home.

Sir J. T. Ritchie, the Lord Mayor of London, has promised his assistance in connection with the "Bart's" Hospital appeal, and a Mansion House meeting will be held on January 26, 1904.

It has been decided between the London County Council and Sir J. Whittaker Ellis that nothing except conservatories shall be erected to interfere with the view from Richmond Hill.

Property of the value of £10,966 has been left by the late Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, widow of the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Mr. Frank Stow, an assistant lecturer at Birmingham University, has disappeared mysteriously.

Miss Ada Reeve has now nearly recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

Raw, chilly weather, with occasional sleepy showers, prevailed over the greater part of England yesterday.

Foreign.

Princess Beatrice will attend the funeral of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse at Darmstadt to-morrow.

An Imperial letter from the Sultan of Morocco, read in the Mosque yesterday, declared, in reference to the recent rebellion, that the country is now happy and that business is good.

So well is the Kaiser progressing that no further bulletins will be issued for the present.

The steamer City of Washington has arrived at New York from Panama with the Commission appointed to negotiate the Panama Canal Treaty.

Speaking at Washington, President Roosevelt uttered a hope that a century hence corruption in public life would seem incredible.

Austria and Russia have called on Turkey for a prompt decision in reply to the proposed Macedonian reform scheme.

General de Bourbon, who was imprisoned for being concerned in the Madrid gambling scandals, has been liberated before the conclusion of his sentence.

A well-known French motorist has arranged to start from Paris to-day to make an automobile record between the French capital and London.

In consequence of some Japanese being injured in a brawl at Seoul, Korea, the Japanese Minister has demanded satisfaction from the Korean Government.

The history of the recent arbitration agreement between England and France, signed on October 14, was made known in the French Parliament yesterday by publication of the correspondence. The matter was opened by the French Ambassador interviewing Lord Lansdowne in May last.

The "Voca della Verita," the Vatican organ, publishes an enthusiastic panegyric of British liberty, which allows the Sisters expelled from France to establish themselves in British towns, and receive courtesies there.

Though Dr. Ibsen's mind is still perfectly clear, he can do no more literary work.

An interview with the German woman who has awakened after seventeen years' trance is published in another column.

While she was bicycling, near Dresden, a young girl was knocked down by a motor car. The driver left her lying bleeding and unconscious in the road. He has now been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Law and Police Courts.

Judgment was given for Mr. Benito Weiser, a stock broker, against Mr. Samuel Segar, who induced the former to compromise a debt of £7,877 9s. 6d. for £4,000 by "shamming" illness, the jury finding that the defendant had sufficient means to pay the whole debt.

Declaring herself the granddaughter of a deceased Irish dean, a woman yesterday asked the Bow-street police to lock her up on account of her being destitute.

Further efforts are to be taken to secure the extradition of James Lynchau from the United States.

For having gone through a mock marriage with a young woman, and having forged a marriage certificate, Frank Collett was sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude.

George Hill Dickson, a cashier, charged at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, was sent to twelve months' hard labour for stealing from his employers £266, which he squandered on betting.

Evidence for the defence was taken yesterday in the vivisection libel case.

William Scarlett, late assistant overseer for Birkdale, was yesterday committed for trial at the Liverpool Assizes on a charge of embezzling £1,191 poor rate and with falsification of the books.

OUR ROYAL GUESTS.

Queen Alexandra and Queen Elena Meet at Windsor.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

Italians Assemble and Greet Their Majesties.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

The King and Queen of Italy disembarked at Portsmouth at 12.45 yesterday afternoon, and continued their journey to Windsor, reaching their destination at 3.29, one minute in advance of the scheduled time.

"At the moment of our arrival on board the yacht Victoria and Albert, the Queen and myself are happy to tender to you as well as to Queen Alexandra our kindest greetings." Such was the first message dispatched by King Victor Emmanuel yesterday morning.

At Portsmouth the Prince of Wales led his royal guests through two lines of bluejackets, marines, and cadets of the Osborne Naval College; and amid the booming of guns and the enthusiastic cheers of the people, the royal train steamed out of the Harbour station.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra had arrived at the royal station at Windsor a quarter of an hour in advance of the time at which their Italian Majesties were expected; the King in field marshal's uniform, and wearing a thick grey service coat; the Queen in furs that covered a symphony in heliotrope. They were accompanied by the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian.

The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor were also in evidence, the mayor carrying a suspicious-looking roll that subsequently unfolded itself as an address of welcome.

The Italian national anthem rang out as the royal train steamed into the station; the Guards presented arms; the state colour flaunted its proud emblems.

Then followed a game of hide and seek. King Edward could not find King Victor Emmanuel; Queen Alexandra could not find Queen Elena. The Italian sovereigns were the first to discover their royal hosts. The two kings kissed each other on both cheeks; and the two most beautiful Queens in Europe stood eye to eye, making a charming picture as they embraced one another under the silken folds of an Italian banner that swayed indolently from the glass roof of the station. Next it was King Edward's turn to greet the lady from the Quirinal.

From the outset Queen Elena had won every heart on that august platform. With a delightful bow and in delicious English she thanked Miss Yvonne Shipley, the elder daughter of the Mayor of Windsor, who had come blushingly forward with a bouquet.

Open carriages were the order of the day. In the first sat the two Kings, side by side, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught facing them. In the second were Queen Elena and Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria on the opposite seat.

Six other carriages followed, containing the members of the royal suites.

Queen Elena, attired in a heavy fur coat, had a charming smile or a bow for everybody connected with her reception. When the enthusiastic members of the Italian Press raised stentorian shouts of "Viva il Re" and "Viva la Regina," she seemed delighted.

All the way from the station to the Castle her Majesty was questioning Queen Alexandra. Her eyes lit up almost dancingly when she recognised the humble members of the Italian organ-grinding fraternity, drawn up in a body near the Town Hall. This miniature colony had donned the picturesque garb of its native land. Numerous women and children were among them waving the red, white, and green of Italy.

The Eton boys, drawn up inside the Sovereigns' entrance to the Castle, also attracted Queen Elena's attention, as well they might, so unhesitating was their enthusiasm. Their interest was returned, as it was noticed that Queen Elena turned to Queen Alexandra and demanded particulars of these ebullient youths.

At the Castle their Majesties were received by the remaining members of the Royal Family and the Great Officers of State, who conducted them to their apartments.

The first part of the evening Queen Elena spent quietly in her own rooms. Her Majesty declared that she felt no ill-effects from her long journey, and those about her say that she is in the best of spirits. Everyone in Windsor is remarking on her beautiful smile, which so much recalls that of our own Queen.

We understand that both the King and Queen are delighted with their reception in England, and that her Majesty was both surprised and charmed with the beauty of the old borough that frames the most picturesque and stately castle in the world.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	22	29
Mon.	23	30
Tues.	24	1
Wed.	18	25
Thurs.	19	26
Fri.	20	27
Sat.	21	28

THE VIVISECTION CASE.

Swedish Ladies Describe the Operation on the Dog.

"THE SHAMBLES OF SCIENCE."

The hearing of the action for libel and slander brought against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, by Dr. W. M. Bayliss, M.A., Assistant-Professor of Physiology at the London University College, and the holder of a Home Secretary's licence entitling him to perform experiments on living animals which had previously been anaesthetised, was resumed yesterday before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury.

The court was again crowded, a large number of ladies and medical students being present.

Professor Francis Gotch, of Liverpool, supported previous witnesses, who had stated that, in their opinion, the dog must have been completely anaesthetised. The Professor had himself operated upon the late Colonel North's dog, Fullerton, three winner of the Waterloo Cup, using exactly the same methods of producing anaesthesia as those employed by Professor Bayliss.

Mr. Lawson Walton, opening for the defendant, said that Mr. Coleridge came of a family that included the author of "The Ancient Mariner" among its members, and was nothing if not humanitarian. After the evidence that he proposed to call, said Mr. Walton, he would ask the jury to agree with him that the dog was not completely anaesthetised, and that Mr. Coleridge's criticism did not exceed the bounds of fair comment on a matter of public interest.

Lady Witnesses for the Defence.

Mr. Walton's witnesses were two Swedish ladies of excellent family, both of whom were strongly opposed to vivisection. They had collaborated in a book on this subject entitled "The Shambles of Science," and dealing fully with the case under discussion.

In order to acquire knowledge that would further the cause of anti-vivisection, Miss Emily Lind, of Hayeby, and Miss Schartaa, the two ladies in question, had attended Dr. Bayliss's lectures and witnessed the "purposeful" struggles of this particular dog, which they believed to have been operated on without the previous administration of an anaesthetic. They had gone to Mr. Coleridge with a statement of the case, and they were prepared to reaffirm that, to the best of their knowledge, the dog had struggled pitifully on the operating board, and that no olfactory evidence that an anaesthetic had been administered was apparent in the operating theatre.

The hearing was again adjourned.

SUPERSTITIOUS BRIDES.

Green Stockings Are Not the Only Charms for Luck.

One of the bridesmaids at to-day's wedding of Miss Harvey and Sir Patrick Playfair (as we mentioned in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday) is to wear green silk stockings "for luck," as a concession to old time superstition.

"Brides are just as superstitious as ever they were," said the clerk of one of London's fashionable churches of the day. "There may not be so many superstitions as there used to be, but what few are left are as much considered as ever."

"They will not change the day, for instance, if they can help it. They will do anything rather than postpone the ceremony."

"Then they will not marry on a Friday. That is supposed to be very unlucky. So is the 13th of the month."

"I remember one lady of title who arranged to be married on a Friday, which was the 13th of the month. Then someone told her how awful the consequences would be, so she said: 'Well, have it arranged for the Monday after. That was the 13th, so they made her change it again. Whether it was because she changed the day or not I don't know, but she figured in a divorce case not many years after.'

THE L.C.C. AS LANDLORD.

Probably the most successful landlord in London is the London County Council, which only lost £103 last year as irrecoverable rent.

During the past year the Council opened seventeen new blocks of dwellings and twenty-four cottages, sufficient to accommodate 4,368 persons. The gross rent-roll of the Council is £21,087, an increase for the year of £18,307.

An interesting tabulated statement shows the people who live in the houses:-

Actors	3	Motor drivers	8
Bakers	92	Musicians	23
Bauchingers	23	Officers	50
Bottlers	1	Painters	45
Bowlers	1	Pensioners	23
Bowlers	52	Porters	77
Bowlers	1	Postmen	41
Bowlers	1	Post Office sorters	12
Bowlers	2	Printers	71
Bowlers	35	Railwaymen	24
Bowlers	42	Salemen	45
Bowlers	293	Teachers	12
Bowlers	4	Travellers	6
Bowlers	1	Waiters	33
Bowlers	21	Waiters	35
Bowlers	71		

The average of persons per room is given

£3,000,000 PROFIT IN DIAMONDS.

The World Asking for More Precious Stones.

The Kimberley diamond industry, interrupted by the war, is again flourishing. At the annual meeting of the De Beers Company at Kimberley yesterday a profit was shown, after writing off over £730,000 for depreciation, of no less than £2,302,000. Diamonds had been produced during the year to the enormous value of £5,241,172.

The chairman, Sir Lewis Michell, stated that a claim for £54,641 had been made by the company against the Imperial Government on account of losses sustained in the war, and the War Office had tendered £30,000 in full settlement, which the company accepted, although the actual loss amounted to £272,904, in addition to the fact that no dividend was paid in 1900.

The world's demand for diamonds, said the chairman, had been well maintained, and, in order to meet it, the company was opening up the Dutoitspan mine. A special grant of £10,000 for higher education in the colony was voted.

WOMAN'S SAD STORY.

Describes Herself as a Dean's Daughter, Destitute and Despairing.

Disinclination to attend inquests on the part of a Strand chemist, to whom Miss Gipsy Grime applied for arsenic, led to that lady presenting herself at Bow-street Police Court and begging to be locked up.

She is a tall, dark, good-looking woman, of about thirty, with a slight Irish accent. She was well dressed, and had a very cultivated appearance, so that her request caused a good deal of surprise. The following letter from her to the police was read before Mr. Marsham in court:-

"I am a grand-daughter of the late Dr. Grime, D.D., Dean of Limerick, and my father was an M.A. of Oxford. I am an hotel and restaurant bar manageress. I am all alone; all my people are resting in the churchyard. I suffer from chronic catarrh, and have lately returned from a convalescent home, and almost destitute. I have not the means to buy my medicine. . . . No home since I was a girl; no food, no means to advertise or even to buy stamps; so how is a respectable woman to help herself? I have no money to pay rent, and have sold nearly all my clothes. I cannot stand such a dreadful life any longer. I have the highest testimonials, and have often starved to keep myself respectable, although I have had a life of great temptation. It is very hard to come to this, to say nothing of the insults I get because I have no means."

When she was charged with attempting suicide she said she had been to two chemists' shops to buy poison, and when she was refused tried to throw herself in front of an omnibus, but her conscience prevented her.

Lately she has been at a convalescent home in Brighton, but now will have a week at Holloway while inquiries as to her story are made.

LUCKY WINDSOR ORGAN GRINDERS.

The Italian ice-cream vendors and organ-grinders of Windsor regard their Sovereign's visit with lively satisfaction. In honour of the event the Mayor of Windsor last night invited a hundred of them—the whole colony, indeed—to a dinner in the Guildhall.

The spectacle was unique. Swarthy men and women, some with children in their arms, attacked vigorously a meal composed entirely of Italian dishes, cooked by an Italian chef from London. The Kings and Queens of England, in their gold frames on the walls of the Guildhall, assuredly never looked down on a more queer gathering.

There was music and dancing, and the health of the King and Queen of Italy, proposed by the mayor, was uproariously received. The Italians declare that they will ever remember this red-letter day in their lives, and that their affection for England has never been so strong.

A telegram of "loyal and heartfelt greetings" was addressed to the Italian King and Queen at the Castle.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Movements of the Court.

The King of Italy shoots in Windsor Forest. State banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor.

Prince Henry of Battenberg opens a bazaar in aid of the Glasgow Samaritan Hospital.

To-Day's Weddings.

Sir Patrick Playfair, C.I.E., and Miss Frances Sophia Harvey, eldest daughter of Mr. John Harvey, D.L., and J. P. County Banff, N.B., at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, at 2.30.

Captain W. E. Young, 10th D.C.O. Lancers, Cawnpore, and of 37, Emporer's-gate, South Kensington, and Miss Edith Gladstone, at All Hallows Church, Allerton, Liverpool, at 2.30.

Captain A. G. T. Cusins, R.E., and Miss Maud Elizabeth Cunningham, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Eliot Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, of Hove, at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, at 2.30.

General.

Women's Institute, 92, Victoria-street, S.W.— Addresses by Mrs. Laura Belcher Aldred and Mrs. Marion Matthews, on (a) "Health in Relation to Clothing," (b) "Art in Dress," at 4.

Racing.

Derby Autumn Meeting (three days).

WOMEN WHO LEND MONEY.

Half-a-Dozen Have Obtained Licences Under the Act.

Women are registering themselves—slowly, it is true, but openly and effectively—as money lenders under the recent Act. And Judge Edmond declared yesterday, at Lambeth County Court, that since the Act came into operation money lending has "enormously increased." His Honour, however, was referring to working people who were preying upon their fellows. The women who have become legalised money lenders are of quite a different kind. Half-a-dozen of them have recorded their names and professions at Somerset House. The latest who registered was a stylishly-dressed person whose grand feminine air sent an unwonted thrill around the prosaic apartment where she deposited the legal fee, one guinea, and obtained a licence entitling her to lend money for three years.

Outside the ranks of the registered are hundreds of unlicensed feminine money lenders, and their ranks are recruited from the highest and humblest. Even the innocent milliner and the obsequious tailor are said to be the cause of much family trouble by their habit of lending to young ladies or the "younger sons," and when the bills arrive are made to cover a multitude of loans and interest.

CULINARY SENSATION.

Roast Cygnet Served with the "Swan Song" at Prince's.

Roast cygnet is the latest luxury, and the fact that each bird costs two guineas will probably rather increase than detract from its popularity among the fashionable. This new culinary sensation, according to the "World," appeared at a dinner given by one of the directors of Prince's Restaurant, under the title of "Le jeune cygne de Norwich à la broche." The bird, probably the first ever served in a London restaurant, was given musical honours, its entrance being heralded by the band playing the "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin."

The chef at Prince's Restaurant yesterday furnished a *Daily Mirror* representative with the receipt he used for cooking the cygnet. It is in verse, and runs as follows, with the imperative direction that the swan must not be skinned:

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar; Put it into the Swan—that is, when you have caught her. Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, an onion, Will heighten the flavour in Gourmand's opinion.

Then tie it up with a small piece of tape. That will not let the fat escape. And some wadded brown paper should cover the rest. Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down.

Pull the paste off the bird that the breast may get brown.

For the gravy, the receipt, also in poetry, as befits a culinary work of art, consists of the addition of half a pint of port wine to a good strong beef gravy. This is then poured through the swan, and the whole served up with hot currant jelly.

A "NURSERY" IN HYDE PARK.

Londoners are familiar with Kensington Gardens as an outdoor nursery for the babies of the Kensington district. Hyde Park, it seems, is to become a nursery of another kind. The matter needs explanation.

A few days ago a letter of protest in the "Times" called attention to the railing off of three acres near the Serpentine, from which apparently the public were to be excluded, by some unknown authority. Was this a clandestine encroachment on public pleasures without the knowledge, or may be with the assent, of the First Commissioner of Works?

A simple solution of the mystery has come to light. The land is urgently required for the purposes of training, forcing, and generally caring for those thousands of plants, which are the delight of so many, in the summer flowerbeds of Hyde Park.

That the view across the Park is by this enclosure and its surrounding embankment somewhat obstructed is doubtless true, but when the work of enclosure has been completed there will spring up on the new embankment a wealth of foliage which will, in itself, be an additional attraction.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 2 and 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 9.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucare," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 2 and 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Gorring's Necklace," 8.35.

Prince of Wales', "The School Girl," 2 and 8.

Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

Royal, "Die Zwillingsschwester," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.

Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

SHORT HOME TELEGRAMS.

NEW DIPLOMAS AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is proposed to establish at Cambridge University an examination in tropical medicine and hygiene. Any person on the medical register will be admissible as a candidate, and those successful will be entitled to a diploma.

FAMOUS HUNTSMAN RECALLED.

The death has just occurred in Cumberland of Mrs. Henry Richardson, the last surviving daughter of the late John Peel, the famous huntsman immortalised in the well-known hunting song, "D'ye ken John Peel?" Mrs. Richardson was eighty-eight years of age.

HERRINGS AND MATRIMONY.

Scottish fisher lassies combine prudence with sentiment. The fact that the herring fishery off Yarmouth proved unremunerative is found to have had the effect of reducing weddings, only two of the fisher girls have arranged to marry, while at this time last year there were thirty-seven engagements.

THE METEORIC SHOWERS.

From observers in various parts of the country come reports that the "showers" of Leonids, due about this time, have already made their appearance. They were most numerous in the early hours of Monday morning, but almost any time just now, when the sky is clear at night, a few may be counted.

THE WAR ON CORSETS.

The anti-corset crusade started in Birmingham has spread to Leeds, where the movement is initiated by a local society of physical culture. The corset is condemned as making the body at the waistline "shapeless, flaccid, and nerveless," as destroying the beauty of the figure and lessening the vital power.

BALM FOR THE BEREAVED.

One of the victims of the railway viaduct collapse in Gloucestershire last week left nine children. At the inquest yesterday the coroner announced that the contractors intended to compensate the widow and all others who had suffered by the fatality. In view of the importance of the issues involved an adjournment was indispensable.

BALM FOR THE BEREAVED.

While returning in his carriage from the meet of the United Hunt Club Foxhounds, whose headquarters are at Midleton, co. Cork, Mr. John Murphy, chairman and managing director of the Cork Distillers Company, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured. He was carried home to Annmount, near Midleton, and was attended by two Cork doctors. His daughter who was with him escaped unharmed.

THE MODERN FORESTERS.

It is hard to realise that even at this season of the year there are many homeless people who habitually make their "beds" at night among the undergrowth of Epping Forest. A branch of the Society of Friends, which has a meeting house in the district, has decided to do something for these wretched successors of Robin Hood's merry men, and a barrow will be sent out every night after midnight laden with bread and butter and hot coffee for these outcasts.

MAN MISSING FROM BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Frank Stow, who for two years has acted successfully as chief assistant in the bacteriological laboratory at Birmingham University, has disappeared completely, and all efforts made to trace him by the police, by his relatives, and by the University officials, have so far proved fruitless. He was about 25 years of age, quiet, studious, and reserved, and was a man of much promise. He had been out to South Africa as one of the medical mission to study enteric. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since November 5.

A BEAUTY SHOW.

A beauty show for both sexes opens at Leeds to-morrow. The Yorkshire city has been selected as the centre for the "semifinals" for all England, and there will be about fifteen competitors, including half-a-dozen ladies representing various districts in England. There are prizes of £200 each for men and women, and the winners will go to New York to engage in another competition open to the rest of the world. Each lady has to state whether she uses stimulants, is a vegetarian, or wears corsets.

LEICESTER RACES.

W. Lane, who had failed to add to his winning score since September last, was beaten in the first two events at the meeting at Leicester yesterday. O. Madden did not pass the afternoon without a win, as he got home on Series. The positions of the two leading jockeys now are: Madden, 145; Lane, 143. Results of yesterday's racing:—

Rider	Winner	Rider	Price
Humberside (6)	Albynes	Lans	5 to 2
Asthorp's N.Y. (10)	Look Out	Lans	100 to 30
Harborough (16)	Dumps	Trigg	8 to 1
Leicester (10)	Candy	Stiles	5 to 1
Clock Tower (9)	Scutell	Madden	5 to 2
Regulation Pt. (2)	Ariosto	Leader	2 to 9

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners.)

The fashionable Derby Meeting commences to-day, when the following horses will be the first to start:—Pine Mountain, Ruby or Scullion, Drakelow Plate—Riverside II, or Country Squire; Doveridge Stakes—Uncle Reggie; Chesterfield Nursery—Western or Lassie.

The Derby Cup, which is run for to-morrow, again attracted a fair share of special yesterday, when Farimad was well supported to 100 to 100 (ten), and wanted, whilst at 10 to 1 and 15 to 2 General Clegg was quiet. At 10 to 1, Atwood had a large, and Robert Diable was fancied from 100 to 8 down to 10 to 1 (taken). The penalised Littleton, who will be ridden by Madden, was supported at 100 to 8.



[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in this article, which is published with a view to raising a discussion on a much-vexed question.]

HERE is no doubt that a great deal of wear and tear and worry would be spared if people would agree that the teaching in the public elementary schools of the country should be secular, leaving the teaching of religion to the parents and Churches. "But," say the opponents of this view, "you will deprive half the children of any moral influence. Crime will increase, the country will go to the dogs."

I doubt very much whether this would be the result; morality and clean living, kindness, and love of others can be very well taught without the medium of the creeds and dogmas of any particular Church. It is very certain that the tendency of present-day politics is in the direction of secular education only in the schools of the people.

A Famous Clause.

The famous Cowper-Temple clause of the Act of 1870 lays it down that, "No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school"—Section 14 (2). The great majority of the parents of the children are satisfied with the simple Bible teaching which is given in most schools, but there has always been a discontented minority, mostly, it must be confessed, consisting of the Anglican clergy, who want some definite religion taught, and by this they mean the tenets of their own particular Church. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the wickedness of France and America, where the education is secular, the religious instruction being left to the Churches. No one has ever been able to prove these vague accusations.

The Act of last year placed all schools upon the rates, and it is a pity that at the same time it did not forbid altogether any religious instruction—that is theology—in the day schools. Some people profess to find a solution of the difficulty in the suggestions in the new Code. Under this children may absent themselves from the hour of religious instruction in the school (it is not quite an hour) at the beginning of the day in order to attend and receive it elsewhere. Who is to insist on their attending at church, chapel, or clergyman's house? Tommy will be sent out to earn a few more pence by running errands before school, and Mary will be kept at home to mind the baby.

No Religion Compulsory.

Many people seem to think that because the Cowper-Temple clause says, "No religious catechism" etc., that, therefore, religious instruction of some kind must be given according to the law of the land. This is not the case.

No religious instruction of any kind is compulsory, and any school board—or, as they now are, education authorities—may by a vote of its members decide that in the schools under their charge the Bible may be read with or without explanation or that it may not be read at all, and herein lies the crux of the whole matter. Every section of religious thought wants to get into the schools—to "create an atmosphere," as, I think, Lord Hugh Cecil has it.

The Free Churches were satisfied with the syllabus drawn up by most of the school boards, which included the fundamental truths presumably believed by all Christians. But this is not enough for the Anglican Church.

The Parents' View.

Most parents, who after all are the people to be considered, do not, I am convinced, care whether any or what religious instruction is given. The average parent of a Board school child only knows the difference between "Catholic" (meaning Roman Catholic) and "Protestant." A few parents—egged on by the clergyman or the Free Church minister—create disturbances and unpleasantness, and object to this, that, or the other doctrine taught in some particular school, but they rarely avail themselves of their power to withdraw their children from such instruction. Most are quite content with the simple Bible teaching, but they are not anxious to have one corner of the school room occupied by the curate and his class of little Anglicans, another by the Baptist, another by the Unitarian, and a fourth by a Congregational minister.

A Question for Parents.

To those who clamour for the parent's right to have his child taught what he himself believes, I would put the question, Would it be possible to persuade those parents to pay even twopence per week to have these truths (about which they are said by those who do not know

Should Children's Education be Religious?

By CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.

them to be so anxious) taught by someone appointed for the purpose by the clergyman or Free Church minister? I doubt it.

The Logical Solution.

Candidates for borough and county councils are being gradually pushed to the only logical solution of this difficulty. Many of them are dismayed at the thought of religious strife being mixed up at election times with discussions of drains, open spaces, and street lighting. "A plague on all your houses!" they will say. "Rather than have these endless wrangles, we will forbid religious instruction of any kind in the schools under our charge." (In the provided or ex-voluntary schools, though they are now supported by the rates, the religious instruction, if given, must be in accordance with the trust deeds.) "Let the Churches provide outside the schools for the teaching of any dogmas they think fit. We will concern ourselves only with bringing up good, sober, honest citizens."

THE PAPERS.

WEATHER AND CRIME.

The effect of temperature on crime is a fact mathematically demonstrable, and has been honoured by mention in that least fanciful of literary productions, a Home Office Blue-book on criminal statistics. As the temperature increases so does crime. Frost is the most practical of moralists.—"Outlook."

PENALTY OF POPULARITY.

The penalty of the popular novelist is that, whether he has anything to say or not, he must produce, at more or less regular intervals, some sort of volume on pain of being instantly consigned to oblivion by a fickle public. If he be a man of temperament this irksome necessity will kill any kind of inspiration.—"Saturday Review."

EPICURES AMONG WOMEN.

Woman is growing epicurean in her tastes, and wants something much more substantial than tea and muffins as a refection for the friends she so proudly invites to her club. She has been gastronomically trained by a long course of restaurant dinners. She shows a tendency towards greed, and is becoming a severe critic of her club menus.—"World."

TO SELL TO THEIR FRIENDS.

A few weeks ago it was glibly stated in print that, "Society" women are in the habit of making vast sums of money by selling motor-cars to their friends. The consequence of this statement has been that agents in a large way of business have lately been besieged by droves of impudent ladies, all anxious to draw large commissions by selling similar vehicles to their friends.—"Court Journal."

MONOTONOUS FACES.

It is to be feared the almost insane dread of looking old which possesses women nowadays is having a positively deteriorating effect on facial character. Everybody, seemingly, is about thirty years of age; everybody is smooth skinned, of practically the same *teints*, and much the same figure. The mother is scarcely distinguishable from the daughter "in the dusk, with the light behind her."—"World."

VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.

The unfortunate person who takes a house in the country in order to be quiet has no defence. Anyone who pleases may drive up to the door, and demand not only to be treated to civility and tea, but to have their call returned. Only people who take a large and well-known house in a populous neighbourhood know what a task this social law imposes on them.—"County Gentleman."

DON'T TAKE HER BY SURPRISE.

Does anyone seriously believe there is a woman in all London who, wishing to see a play, would forego the pleasure because of the necessity for wearing her head and its appurtenances after the same fashion as she wore it at lunch before starting for the theatre? Such a woman is visionary as Mrs. Harris. Give the enemy due notice. Do not take her by surprise, asking her to take off a hat that has been fixed up for the afternoon without thought of removal, which is sometimes inconsiderate, but give her notice, so that she may come prepared. Then all will be well.—"Pilot."

BRAIN FAG.

(Several correspondents seem to think that the "Bridge" whilst crazy has something to do with the disease of brain fag.—"Daily paper.")

Oh, it's fag, fag, fag! Combined with the bluest of humps; Oh, I can't understand, With twelve hearts in my hand, What induced me to make it "no trumps." Fag, fag, fag, With no ease for a brain that's oppressed, Till Bridge as a passion Has gone out of fashion, Or I shall have gone to my rest!

—"Evening News."

A DRAMATIC PLOT.

BEATRICE HARRADEN AND "KATHERINE FRENSHAM."

AMONG popular novelists of the day few have so interesting and original a personality as has the writer of one of the most famous of late nineteenth century stories, "Ships that Pass in the Night," the only book which was found in Cecil Rhodes's bedroom after his death, and which he was never tired of reading over and over again. Ten years have gone by since "Ships that Pass in the Night" was written, and Beatrice Harraden had already had something of a struggle for fame before this remarkable story had been refused by one great publisher and accepted by another. But she has remained, from the outward point of view, almost exactly as she was in the far off days when Mrs. Lynn-Linton, most generous of Victorian women writers and critics, used to call her "My little B.A.," in joking reference to her academical distinctions.

A Unique Personality.

Beatrice Harraden is a small, sprite-like little woman, with a dark, bright, eager face, which reflects every passing mood, and is easily moved to tears or laughter, as the case may be. She always looks as if she had just stepped right out of fairytale, and perhaps this accounts for the high imaginative quality of her work, which is very apparent, even in her latest novel, "Katherine Frensham," in some ways by far the longest and most ambitious story she has yet published.

An Original Plot.

Although Miss Harraden does not pride herself on her plots, she worked out a very original idea in "Katherine Frensham," in which book she describes a case the analysis of which has often been a matter of concern to our greatest imaginative novelists. The story opens with the description of a dual dream, in which a husband and wife, bitterly estranged the one from the other, each when asleep takes part in an imaginary conversation, in which the man, breaking through his long reserve, tells the wife plainly that she has spoilt his life, ruined his career—in a word, spiritually murdered him.

Within a few hours of this awful and strange experience, and, alas! after they had compared notes, and once more stabbed each other with words, the wife is found dead. The husband, Clifford Thornton, is left to endure wild, unreasoning remorse, intensified when

he glances over the dead woman's journal, and finds the words, written on the last page, "Had another temper to-night. As usual, bitterly, bitterly sorry. If only I could tell him; but I can't, and I won't."

A Prisoner of Silence.

After this dramatic beginning the story becomes one in which quiet observation, subtle analysis of feeling, and delightful studies of character play the principal parts. Thornton, true "prisoner of silence," weighed down with remorse which he feels he must hide, if only for his child's sake, from his nearest and oldest friends, including his old Danish governess, "Knauty" (who is, in her way, as admirable a creation as was the Disagreeable Man, in "Ships that Pass in the Night"), has at last the good fortune to meet the well-balanced, tender-hearted heroine who gives her name to the book.

Katherine first becomes interested in the man who is to be her lover by hearing him described, with pitiless lack of charity, by Mrs. Stanhope, a woman who has been his wife's intimate friend, and who considers him entirely to blame for the unhappiness of his married life. Katherine's heart takes the side of the absent, and thus when circumstances throw her into his intimate company amid such unconventional surroundings as that of a Norwegian farmhouse, they soon become drawn to one another.

A Long Duel.

Then begins a long duel between Katherine Frensham and her morbid, unhappy lover. The situation is complicated by Mrs. Stanhope, one of those "candid friends" who go about doing so much mischief, and whose thoughtless, unconsidered words at one moment actually cause Thornton's young son to believe that his father in very truth murdered his mother! But Katherine, straightforward, loyal, and great hearted, conquers in the end, and the letter in which she finally tells him that she loves him, that she is waiting for him, and that she cares for him even better than she did before she knew the whole miserable history of his life, is like a window into a beautiful soul, and might well reconcile even a hardened reviewer to the theory that the woman should always be the one to make an offer of marriage to the man!

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

LEONORA (a modern novel). By Arnold Bennett. Chatto & The REBELS (a story of American society). By E. F. Benson. Heinemann.

THE STOLEN EMPEROR (a Japanese historical novel). By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. John Long.

DR. JOHN BROWN (a charming biography). By J. T. Brown. A. and C. Black.

The Galleries and Ateliers.

The Allied Arts of Painting and Enamelling.

RARELY imaginative and fanciful art is so rare in these matter-of-fact days of ours that one may well put up with the discomfort of a journey to Bayswater to the little gallery at 1, Princes-terrace, Hereford-road, which has been turned into a mystic dreamland by the brush and pencil of two artists—Miss Pamela Colman Smith and Mr. Cecil French.

Dreams and Visions.

Of the two Miss Pamela Colman Smith is the more sympathetic, though in knowledge of drawing and artistic technique generally she cannot compare with Mr. French. But the appeal of her "Dream Pictures" and "Waking Visions" is more direct, because she makes us feel her own sincerity. They are visions which have obviously been actually seen by an ingenuous mind from which the fairytale glimpses of childhood have not been effaced by the contact with a stern world.

A Follower of Blake.

Mr. Cecil French, on the other hand, is a conscious symbolist, a student of the artist-poet, William Blake, one of whose dicta acts as preface to the catalogue. Buddhism, Christian and heathen mysticism, together with the symbolism of colour, have to serve the artist in constructing his pictures and drawings, and the incense burnt in the room is quite in keeping with the character of this—shall we say it boldly?—pose. But Mr. French, who, we understand, is very young, is draughtsman and colourist of rare power, and has in him the making of a great artist.

Witchcraft in Enamelling.

From Princes-terrace to 18, Holland-street, Kensington, is but a short distance, and here, at Mr. Albert Bonner's gallery, is a small exhibition which will be infinitely pleasing to the feminine mind, whilst to the connoisseur in the art of enamelling it will offer the thrill of an almost inexplicable novel technique. Monsieur Ferdinand Thesmar's enamelled brooches, buckles, and hair ornaments are almost too perfect in gorgeous, jewel-like colour and precision of workmanship to make them fit for use. They are museum pieces.

The Impossible Achieved.

But the object which best displays the artist's unique skill is a cup (appliquéd à jour enamel and gold), with flowers on a violet ground. The curious point about it is that there is no basis for the enamel; the infinitely thin gold wires used can hardly be described as a base. The enormous difficulty will be obvious to everybody who knows that the

coloured enamel is used in the shape of a powder, which only receives firmness through a melting process. This powder must naturally rest on some sort of ground; but the cup is made of enamel, and nothing but enamel, without any kind of ground, yet its shape is perfect, and shows no irregularity whatever.

Enamel on Sevres Paste.

Monsieur Thesmar is also the only artist who has succeeded in applying rich enamel to vases of soft Sevres paste. The heat required for the melting of the enamel powder has hitherto proved too great for Sevres vases to resist. But somehow M. Thesmar has overcome the difficulty, and the result is of beauty.

English and French Enamellers.

Our own enamellers—and their number is legion, since the fascinating art has been taken up by the fair sex—have much to learn. Most of the ornaments shown at our applied art exhibitions have a roughness and unfinished, primitive look, and a crudeness of colour, especially in the blues and greens, which are entirely absent in the best French work. Of course, there are some notable exceptions, like Mr. Alexander Fisher, who has now opened a school for enamelling, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, who have recently joined hands with Mr. Montague Fordham, and are showing some beautiful examples of their work at 9, Maddox-street, W. But even they cannot pass through the ordeal of comparison with M. Lalique and M. Thesmar.

Boy Artists.

The talented young artists, Messrs. Maurice and Edward Detmold, who, at an age when most boys are only just receiving the elementary teaching in the principles of art, had already established a great reputation for the sheer excellence of their drawings of animals in repose and in action, could not have made a happier choice for a series of pictures than by deciding to illustrate Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book."

In their early work they were distinctly influenced by the modern Japanese designers, and many of their drawings could vie with Watanabe's in exact observation and exquisite finish. The "Jungle Book" illustrations (published by Macmillan and Co.) are less decorative and more pictorial. The strength of the composition and the depth of colour are truly magnificent, and without being too "literary"—the fault of so many illustrations—the drawings are full of the spirit of Kipling's great fable. The originals are on view at the Dutch Gallery in Brook-street.

A WET DAY IN TOWN.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUSE PARTY.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.

Tuesday Evening.

Wet weather has come again, and to-day has been altogether disagreeable, with the additional discomfort of a very cold wind.

The number of people in town, however, keeps things alive, and in a quiet way there is a good deal going on in the shape of lunches and dinners. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester is giving a series of small dinners followed by Bridge, and Sir Edward and Lady Colbroke, who are settled at Stratford House for the winter, have also been entertaining in this way.

In the West End.

Lord and Lady Newborough were in Piccadilly, the latter looking very charming, and Lady Hesketh, who is staying in town just now, was turning in to the Berkeley.

Baron Eckhardt was driving, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grosvenor were about together, and Lady Erne was driving in a closed brougham. In Piccadilly, Lord Rothschild's house is looking very gay, almost covered with flags and bunting in honour of the King and Queen of Italy's visit to town on Thursday.

A number of people were driving in the direction of Bayswater, where Lady Willsire opened a bazaar at the Queen's-road Baths. This bazaar, which to-morrow will be opened by Julia Lady Tweeddale, is in aid of the Church of England Waifs and Strays, in which so many people take a great interest.

At Grosvenor House.

The amateur concert at Grosvenor House this afternoon, also in aid of the Church of England Society for providing homes for Waifs and Strays, was a great success. The beautiful ballroom of the house, hung with priceless Rubens, was quite filled, among the audience being Lady Galloway (who also appeared in the very good programme), wearing pale grey; Lady Rothschild, Lady Peyton, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, in black, with Lady Somers and Mrs. Hoffnung Goldsmid, in fawn. Mrs. Martineau had on a green hat, with white furs, and Mrs. Whittaker was dressed in black velvet.

Royal House Parties.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Wolverton at Iwerne Minster House, their seat in Dorsetshire, on December 7. A large house party has been invited to meet them.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining a house-party at Chatsworth, including the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Lord and Lady Gosford, Mr. P. Acheson and the Ladies Acheson, Lord and Lady Lurcan, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Elcho, Lord and Lady Crewe, Lady Alwyne Compton, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, Sir Edgar Vincent, Lord Charles Montagu, Sir Charles Hartopp, Mrs. Leo Rothschild, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Mr. G. Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel.

About Houses.

Mrs. Burrows, of Strandone, has just taken a house in Lowndes-square, where she intends to do some entertaining during the winter.

Mr. and Lady Maud Ramsden have let their house in Grosvenor-street for the winter, and are going to stay with the former's father in the country.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King of Italy will shoot to-day over the Windsor coverts in the Great Park, with King Edward, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian, and this evening the State Banquet will be given in St. George's Hall, after which a Diplomatic and Official Reception will be held in the State Drawing-room of the Castle.

* * *

Sir Peter and Lady Walter have a house-party this week at Osmaston Manor, for the Derby races, which includes Lord and Lady Aylesford, Mrs. Marjoribanks, Captain Alland, Major Eustace Loder, and Captain Sandeman.

* * *

A bazaar is to be held on Thursday and Friday of next week at the Wharncliffe Rooms in aid of the home and hospital for

ophthalmic children of all denominations. Amongst those who are to be stall-holders at this bazaar are Lady Howard of Glossop, Constance De La Warr, Lady Cliford of Chudleigh, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Edmund Talbot.

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Amherst of Hackney, Lady Goschen, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Cadogan, and General Baden-Powell were amongst those who attended the memorial service for the late Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck yesterday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

* * *

Lady Barrington, who died at her residence in Harrington-gardens late on Monday night, was a daughter of the late Rev. Richard Bogue, and married Lord Barrington in 1870. Lady Barrington leaves four sons and three daughters.

The funeral takes place at Shrivenham to-morrow at half-past two, and a memorial

FROM THE SHIRES.

EXTRACTS FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

Melton Mowbray, Tuesday.

A sharp frost, combined with a slight snow-storm yesterday, gave a nip of keenness to the air to-day which should have foretold a good hunting day, but as usual with prognostications this was not the case. The Quorn hounds, after waiting some few minutes at the meet, Six Hills, to allow for the arrival of late-comers, trotted off to Walton Thorns, which was alive with foxes. Two escaped whilst the dogs hounds, making the country-side re-echo with their splendid music, were hunting a timid fox in covert. Eventually they drove him out a few fields, but he was not a brave specimen, and quickly retraced his steps. After some delay, this cub or another took a rather wider circuit towards the Hoby Vale, and was lost in Ragdale Wood. There was absolutely no scent at all, and though hounds got away on excellent terms

YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

MILITARY CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

BARTTELOT-ANGOVE.—On the 17th inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. William Jowitt, and the Rev. Henry Palmer, Sir Walter Barttelot, Coldstream Guards, of Stopham House, Publborough, Surrey, to Miss Mary, Mrs. Aubrey Angove, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Collier Angove, of 83, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington.

Miss Angove, who was given away by her father, is a very pretty, tall, fair girl, and Sir Walter Barttelot, who is the third baronet, served during the South African war from 1900 to 1901 as A.D.C. to the General commanding the 10th Brigade.

The church was charmingly decorated with quantities of white flowers and palms; the service was a chorale one; and some men of the Coldstream Guards lined the aisle.

There were eight bridesmaids, who looked very pretty in their white muslin "Romney" deep blue satin waistbelts, and big blue chiffon hats trimmed with La France roses. Each carried a bouquet of roses and lilies, and wore a platinum chain with a diamond and pearl pendant. The bridesmaids were Miss E. Angove, Miss Irene Barttelot, Miss Margaret Irby, Miss Moore Brabazon, Miss Geneva Beauchamp, Miss Davenport, and Miss Edith and Miss Margaret Sandham.

The Bride.

The bride's train was carried by Master Patrick Ellison, dressed in pale blue cloth, and she herself wore a dainty white net dress over white satin, covered with Mechlin lace, and a Brussels lace veil over a wreath of orange blossoms. She also wore a pearl necklace, and emerald and diamond bracelet, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The church was very full, and so was the house in Onslow-gardens, where Mrs. Angove received the guests. She wore purple cloth with grey furs, and carried a bouquet of violets and lilies.

Among the guests were the Countess de Torre Diaz, in black; Lady Duke, in black, with a fur coat; Lady Cooper-Key, who wore purple, and brought her daughter dressed in rose-colour, with a black hat; Mrs. Ellison, wearing claret colour, with a white hat and sable furs; Mrs. Alexander Goschen, in purple; Mrs. Codrington, in black, with touches of pink; and the Duke of Norfolk, as well as several of the bridegroom's brother officers.

Wedding Gifts.

The wedding presents, which were very numerous, included, from the bridegroom, a diamond tiara, a pearl necklace, a turquoise and diamond pendant, a diamond and enamel Brigade brooch, and a sable stole and muff.

From Mrs. Angove, household linen, and from Mr. Angove, an emerald and diamond ring.

The Duke of Norfolk gave a pair of Georgian silver cups, Lady Leconfield a writing case, Lord and Lady Brassey a crocodile and ivory Bridge case, and the officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards a silver salver.

The bridegroom's tenants gave a silver kettle, and the children and teachers of St. John's School, silver salt cellars.

The honeymoon is to be spent on the Continent.

Captain H. R. Cholmondeley, D.S.O., cousin of Lord Delamere, was married very quietly yesterday afternoon to Miss Mercy Ormond, daughter of the late Mr. James Cross Ormond, at St. Anne's, Soho, only the immediate relations and friends of both bride and bridegroom being present.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:

Biarritz.—Overcast, cool; maximum, 58; minimum, 45.

Cairo.—Cloudy; forecast, cold; maximum, 70; minimum, 54.

Cannes.—Strong west wind; ten hours' sunshine; maximum, 65.

Naples.—Thunderstorm, followed by spring-like weather; maximum, 64; minimum, 63.

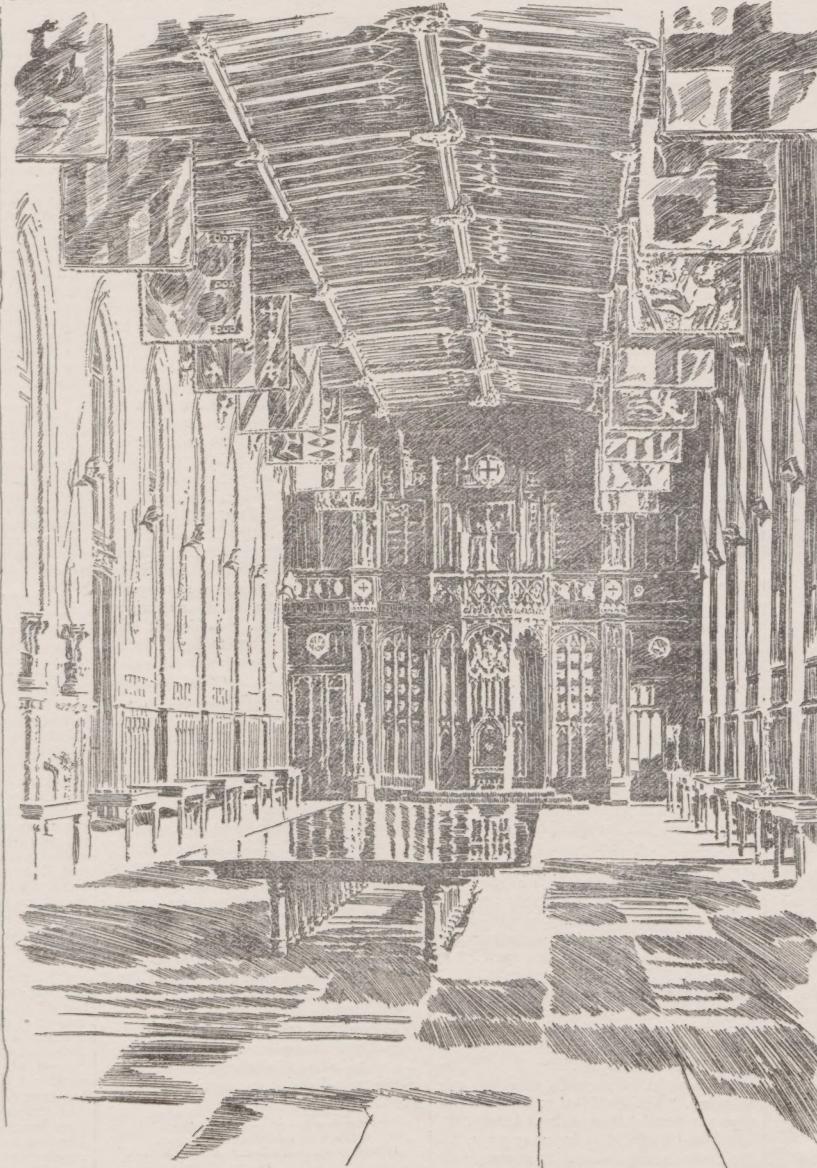
Nice.—Fair; maximum, 58; minimum, 41.

San Remo.—Magnificent day; temperature at noon, 68.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. S. C. Dolby, Army Pay Department, has been appointed District Paymaster in the Cape Colony.

Commodore C. H. Hughes Onslow to Flie Queen for Andromeda, November 24; E. E. Lacy to Mutine, in command, December 1; G. P. W. Hope to Pioneer, on recommissioning, undated.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR, where the State Banquet for the King and Queen of Italy will be held to-night.

service will be held at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, at 2.30.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

"Happy hours attend on you."

Many happy returns to—

Prince Cyril of Bulgaria.

Lady Berners. | Lord Galway.

Lady Florence Maude. | Lord Northcote.

Lord Galway is a Yorshireman and a well-known Master of Hounds. Before he succeeded to his title he represented North Nottinghamshire for some years in Parliament.

He has one son and a very charming daughter, who is also an heiress and owns a place in Surrey—Bushbury Hall.

Lord Northcote is perhaps better known as Sir Stafford Northcote. On leaving Oxford in 1868 he was appointed a clerk in the Foreign Office. He has been Financial Secretary to the War Office, and was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1900.

Lord Northcote succeeds Lord Tennyson next month as Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Lord Carnarvon is entertaining a shooting

FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

The funeral of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse will take place to-morrow afternoon at Darmstadt.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse, her mother Duchess Marie, and her two sisters, the Crown Princess of Romania and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg (who left Windsor yesterday), will all attend the ceremony.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, with the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge of Russia will arrive at Darmstadt in time for the funeral.

Lord Carnarvon is entertaining a shooting party this week at Osmaston Manor, for the Derby races, which includes Lord and Lady Aylesford, Mrs. Marjoribanks, Captain Alland, Major Eustace Loder, and Captain Sandeman.

A bazaar is to be held on Thursday and

Friday of next week at the Wharncliffe Rooms in aid of the home and hospital for

♦ GREAT BRIDGE CONTEST. ♦

£100 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. £100

In addition to all
Entrance Fees.

TO-DAY we publish the THIRD COUPON in our Bridge Tournament. If you have not already entered, order the back numbers of the *Daily Mirror* for November 14th and 17th, which contain the FIRST and SECOND COUPONS. Then send all three of them in, with a postal order for one shilling, *carefully following the instructions* you will find below.

The coupon here presented is merely a Bridge hand *deals at random*. It will present no difficulty to anyone who has learnt the rudiments of the game. You have not to puzzle about the correct declaration, nor about the correct original lead. Both of these are fixed for you.

It does not require an expert to play through the Bridge hand you will find on this page. Any child who has learnt the elements of the game can help in it. All you have to do is to sit down with two friends, go through the deal in the ordinary way, write down how the cards fell, and *follow carefully the instructions below*.

♦ THE CASH PRIZES. ♦

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram on this page (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

♦ ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. ♦

This sum and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into one lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided.

♦ NO LONG WAITING. ♦

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

♦ THE RULES. ♦

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed on this page, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street,

London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament." No communication whatever relating to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with

the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of notepaper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

SOME QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

Question.—I shall be glad to know whether, if an alternative record is sent, it is imperative that it be attached to another coupon, and also whether a P.O. for 1s. must accompany the alternative. Can I enclose two records for each problem attached to one coupon, after having previously sent a P.O. for 1s.?—(From J. H. L.)

Answer.—Any competitor may send in as many complete sets of replies as he or she chooses, provided that each set be numbered separately and accompanied by a P.O. for 1s. Every separate set will be considered independently; but no single competitor will be entitled to more than one share of the prize-money.

Question.—May I suggest that instead of lumping all the money together and awarding it as one large prize, it may be more popular to have several prizes, say one going first, one going second, and then several of £5 each. As the competition is mainly to be one for tyros and not for experts, I think it would increase the interest which is certain to be taken in your Tournament if each competitor felt he had the chance of at least a small prize?—(From F. H. P.)

Answer.—The questions will be so easy that no one need despair of tiring for the first prize, which will not be necessarily won by a "Cavendish" (as you suggest in another part of your letter). In fact, we anticipate that many of our experts will fail by hunting for difficulties which do not exist. In the likely case of several competitors being equal in merit the money will be divided.

Question.—Will it not be very difficult to play as if we had not seen the other hands? For, as we actually have seen them, we shall feel inclined to play in such a way as to make as many tricks as possible.—(From Harrogate, signature illegible.)

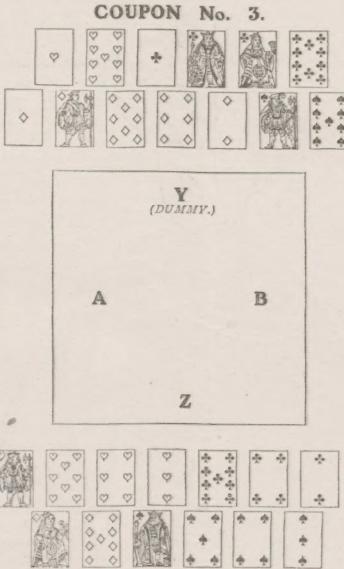
Answer.—You are particularly told that the hands must be played as if in an ordinary game. Dummy's hand being the only one exposed. It may be awkward at first trial to deliberately shut your eyes to what is staring you in the face; but there is one very simple way of avoiding the difficulty. Get three friends, who have not seen the cards, to play them as an ordinary deal; and write down the record of how they fell.

Question.—I trust that solutions will be published at the end of the competition. If the hands are not reprinted, may competitors be allowed to have their coupons back, if they apply for them, enclosing stamps for postage? This would save the trouble of sending out the hands, as many many ladies besides myself would like to paste the hands and their solutions into an album?—(From M. E. J.)

Answer.—If space can be spared, it is intended to give correct plays of the hands after the close of the competition, accompanying each solution with a reprint of the original diagram.

To E.T., A.R.F., H.W.H., and "Double."—Communications received. F.G., E.H.R., and F.R.C. omit to enclose P.O.s.

Ernest Berghoff.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares No-trumps.

A leads ♠ 4.

Write out what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. The hand is the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Initials.....
Address.....

DICKINS & JONES

SMART TWEED COSTUME

trimmed with black silk braid, edged with mixed braids to match the material. Revers and cuffs of white velvet also trimmed with braids. Coat can be worn open or closed.

Price 6 Guineas.

If made to measure, 7s. 6d. extra.

CHARMING WHITE FELT HAT, edged Black, and smartly arranged with White Birds and Ribbons

Price 30/-

BLACK or NAVY SERGE COATS and SKIRTS in various styles, from 78/6, also in Tweed at same price.

SHORT TWEED WALKING SKIRTS.

Price 29/6.



DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.

"What do you think of it?"

Havé you tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa just before retiring? Do you ever take a cup in the forenoon when you feel you need a light nourishment?

When the ubiquitous "cup of tea" palls on the appetite, have you ever tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa instead?

What do you think of it?

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Write for Free Elect Coupons and Collecting Sheet to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, M.I. Dept., York.

Beautiful Burano Lace.

By Mrs. F. NEVILLE JACKSON.

THE Italian specimen of the celebrated Burano point lace shown on this page is made at the little island which lies about three miles distant from Venice across the shallow lagoon. It has a net ground made with the needle, so that in this particular it resembles

Every day new designs and new adaptations in art needlework are offered until one is threatened with a positive embarras de richesse. Among the recent charming uses to which art needlework can be put is in working stained glass designs. The accompanying sketch shows a beautiful example, in the present popular appliquéd work, for use as a short blind.

The ground is a piece of écrû millers' gauze on which the graceful and elegant design in poppies shows to great advantage. The flowers and the leaves in red and green glaçé silk are framed with satin-stitch in lead-coloured filofloss, the stems being worked in the same material. The wavy-shaped base is appliquéd in red glaçé silk also framed in satin stitch, and the entire design is surrounded by a half-inch lead-coloured silk braid.

This is a class of work which illustrates most admirably the tendency of modern art needlework, combining as it does simplicity and minimum labour with high artistic and decorative value.

It does not belong to the merely pretty, ornamental, and useless trifles of needlework, for it has a distinct want. In almost every house one or more windows may be found where the outlook is on a dead wall or some other unpleasant object, and it is necessary to utilise stained glass, which is at times very costly, or one must be contented with transfer imitations



An example of "stained glass embroidery"—the new decorative art.

the Alençon and Brussels point gauze types rather than the laces in which bars connect the motifs.

The revival of the Burano lace industry is like a page out of a romance. After running great risk of becoming a lost art the laces now rival in beauty those produced in the last years of their manufacture in the eighteenth century.

It is interesting to watch the pretty Italian girls, seated at their work, which is supported on pillows, though this is not what is sometimes called pillow-lace, but is done entirely with the needle point. For this reason it is best to call the two kinds of laces respectively needle-point and bobbins laces, both being supported by a pillow in the hands of the worker.

In Burano lace the pattern is worked last, the net being made so as to connect the motifs as they lie stitched in their places on the cushion. The crown and the name Wilhelmina worked in one corner of the illustrated handkerchief are also in the needle-point stitches characteristic of Burano.

This is a handkerchief made for the trousseau of the Queen of Holland.



Point lace handkerchief in the possession of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

with their crude designs and colouring. Again, it often happens that one wishes to keep a room free from the intrusive gaze of the passers-by in the street. If the room be already imperfectly lighted, the use of curtains in this case is highly objectionable owing to the obstruction of light.

In such instances the blind described above is most admirably suitable, inasmuch as the method of working insures both sides appearing almost alike, while the entire design is translucent, and, indeed, almost transparent when seen against the light.

NOVELTY PURSES.

It is the little details that count in dress, and very often it is the most simple novelty that serves one's purpose best. Even the unconsidered trifles that the shops are displaying now are less frivolous than they used to be, and decidedly more convenient. The majority have a purpose to fulfil, even if they are merely fashion's fad.

Especially is this the case in the new purses, among which the flat-iron one heads the list of novelties. It is fully eight inches long, and looking at it from the side, it certainly does bear a slight resemblance to the domestic flat-iron. It is made of tan-coloured pigskin, stitched with heavy yellow silk thread, and is ornamented with the owner's initials or monogram in large gold letters.

RECHERCHE FOOTWEAR.

The love of the picturesque extends even to our footwear, and the Cromwellian style of shoe consequently remains in favour. Of such genre is our first sketch, carried out in patent leather with a gold steel buckle. Next

a very smart boot with a patent galoosh, and an upper of tan calf. A charming court shoe for dancing in soft glaçé kid has jet embroidered straps. While to return once more to the picturesque, consider the fascinating Louis Seize examples, one in gold and white brocade, the other in pink brocade. The latter vaunts a butterfly bow edged with lace. While in conclusion there is a smart patent shoe having strapings of green suede studded with gold.



Boots and Shoes for all occasions

For the Modern Dandy.

THE REACTION IN FAVOUR OF JEWELLERY FOR MEN.

ALTHOUGH one occasionally reads that no gentleman would ever think of wearing anything but mother-of-pearl or plain gold studs or links, such statements must be modified in view of modern taste. I do not mean that, on the contrary, men shall smother themselves in jewels, but during the last few years a very pretty and dainty fashion has arisen, owing probably its origin to Paris, such ornaments as studs, links, evening dress watch chains, match boxes, and even watches, to be treated in an artistic manner without any trace of effeminacy.

Of course, pearls will always be popular with men for studs in a dress shirt, but there are very few who can afford the luxury of having these gems for links, as they must necessarily be of some considerable size to be of any use. A fashion prevails in Paris and in Vienna of using rather large cabochon stones for studs and links, set round with a band of plain gold, but they are not particularly effective, and are, as a rule, inconveniently large.

Useful for Presents.

Channels are being very much used for these adjuncts to evening dress, and when lightly treated are certainly very beautiful. Waistcoat buttons, links, and studs of pale rose enamel on gold, with a raised design in the centre in brilliants, are now made. Another design in enamel is a set of studs which were first introduced by Cartier last year. They are made of white enamel in a hexagon form outlined with diamonds, and the effect on the shirt front is ex-

tremely good, giving the appearance of a narrow band of diamonds only, and causing people to wonder how they are fitted into the shirt.

Single studs are not nearly so much worn as they were formerly, and perhaps two studs are more fashionable than three, though it is purely a matter of taste. The very latest design for studs and links is of bright crimson enamel with a Louis XVI. lattice work of diamonds in platinum over the enamel.

Waistcoat Buttons.

White waistcoat buttons are nearly always fanciful nowadays, though some men may still prefer plain mother of pearl. Lately a tendency has come in to have these pearl buttons outlined with platinum or plain gold and studded with either a diamond or a coloured jewel. They are occasionally made of onyx with a diamond in the centre, and these look well even with a black dress waistcoat. But the smartest men of the day—that is to say, those who pay great attention to their toilette—are not infrequently seen with waistcoat buttons matching their studs and links.

Novelties in Scarf Pins.

With regard to scarf pins, they are certainly in much better taste than used to be the case some twenty years ago. The Leviathan horse-

shoe is now left to adorn the stage villain or the more loudly-dressed bookmakers. Plain pearls are always in good taste, but they cost a lot of money, especially if they are pearl-shaped.

Pearls or sapphires, or, in fact, any coloured stones when set round with diamonds, have been worn for years past, and there is nothing new about them, but the great French and American jewellers are introducing all sorts of pretty devices.

One recently seen was in the form of a little Etruscan vase, the bowl of the vase being formed of one pearl, whilst the handle, top, and stand were made of diamonds.

At Tiffany's a charming scarf pin was to be seen the other day, consisting of a tiny diamond quiver of arrows, tipped with rubies, hanging by a little tiny chain, with one single diamond. It was not at all a big jewel, but an exceedingly pretty one.

The Winning-Post Pin.

From Paris, too, comes the fashion of a scarf pin made in the form of a winning-post on a French racecourse—that is to say, a plain round disc, one side being of diamonds and the other of rubies or sapphires, so that it practically makes two pins. The King was presented with one of these scarf pins.

There is always an argument as to whether watch chains should be worn with white waist-

coats for evening dress. There are many who are content to let the watch rest in their pockets unattached, but this can hardly be deemed a very safe measure, as the watch is liable to slip out. For many years past little watch chains of thin gold studded with pearls have been worn, and there are photographs of the King, the Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg all wearing these chains.

Again from Paris comes another novelty, consisting of platinum chains in rather long links set with cabochon sapphires outlined in platinum, whilst a particularly neat chain for a black waistcoat is made of fine narrow watered silk ribbon with a little diamond clasp or buckle at either end.

A great deal has been heard lately about very flat watches—not only for women, but for men—and they are certainly to be recommended for dress purposes, as they take up so little room. Here, again from Paris, comes the revival of that beautiful art, the enamelling and decorating of watch cases. One recently seen was backed with a beautiful translucent emerald green enamel. Upon this was a Louis XVI. design in gold, and the outer edge was of white enamel. The face of the watch was, of course, plain, but the swivel was likewise enamelled in green and white.

The King's Match Box.

The newest match boxes are round and very flat, and on the occasion of the King's birthday Lord Dudley presented his Majesty with a round flat case enamelled in the centres with the Imperial crown in correct colours and surrounded on one side by roses and thistles and on the other by shamrocks. A cabochon sapphire is pressed down to open this case, which was lined with dark blue enamel.



The King's Kitchen.

WHERE TO-DAY'S BANQUET TO THE ITALIAN ROYALTIES IS BEING PREPARED.

THERE is something piquant in the thought that while even the humblest housewife among us all prides herself on an up-to-date kitchen the King has to be content, when at Windsor Castle, with a vast old vaulted hall which remains perhaps the only portion of the Castle exactly as it was through all the Middle Ages.

Few Women Workers.

I must hasten to add, however, that every improvement that chefs and scientists could devise in the last hundred years has been adapted to this old-world place, and the Master Cook and his three assistants, the Yeoman of the Kitchen, the assistant cooks, the roasting cooks, the apprentices, the scoulers, and—alas! that they alone should represent the fairest sex in our Sovereign's kitchen—the kitchen-maids, pastry-maids, and quaintly-named "necessary woman," have no reason to complain of the place in which they have to do their work.

When a State banquet is being prepared the resources of even the royal kitchen are strained to the uttermost. The huge roasting ranges allow of six rows of large joints being cooked simultaneously, while a small open range is done all the roasting of game.

An interest attaches to a quaint little range, only suited to the burning of charcoal, which was actually designed by the Prince Consort, who took a vivid and practical interest in his own and Queen Victoria's kitchen. From time immemorial certain culinary delicacies have been connected with the Windsor royal kitchen, particularly woodcock pie, of which one at least is sent to every member of the Royal Family at home and abroad at Christmas time, as is also a Windsor plum pudding.

The Dishing-up Table.

The most enviable thing in the King's kitchen, from the point of view of the practical woman who does, or who superintends, the cooking in her own household, is the royal dishing-up table. This remarkable table—if table it can be called—is of steel, brass-rimmed. Underneath is a hollow cavity filled with steam, as are also the brass-cased legs, and on the polished surface, which is kept at so high a state of brilliancy that it looks almost like a looking-glass, is done all the dishing-up of the various hot dainties.

It may be whispered that there was a time when a good deal of waste went on in the royal kitchen, but some sixty years ago, under the auspices of Prince Consort, great reforms were instituted, and now it may be doubted whether any royal culinary department in the world is as generously and yet as economically managed as is that presided over by his Majesty's chef. Tickets are distributed to the deserving poor of the royal borough, and in exchange these fortunate folk receive the remains of what food is not actually consumed in the vast household.

The Master Cook or Chef is said to receive a salary varying from £700 to £2,000 a year.

Whatever it be, he is certainly to be envied, for though his responsibilities are great, he leads a very interesting life, and every arrangement is made for his convenience and comfort. Perhaps the most difficult portion of the chef's daily task is not the actual supervision of the culinary operations, but the making out of alternate menus, in which have to be consulted the health, as well as the taste, of his royal Master. The chef has also to estimate the various quantities of perishable food required on those occasions when their Majesties' guests are counted by the hundred and when royal visitors are accompanied by a large and important suite, whose nationality has to be more or less considered.

The State banquet will be served in part on the famous service of plate which was originally formed by the "First Gentleman in Europe," and which was said at the time—when money were a good deal further in the buying of such luxuries as it does now—cost twenty-six guineas apiece all round. Of the two great dinner services, one is of gold and the other of silver, but valuable as they are, they are as nothing to the royal plate to be displayed on the sideboards at to-night's banquet. The various items are said to be worth nearly two million pounds.

The most valuable piece of plate in the collection will certainly be seen by our Italian visitors to-night. It consists of a nautilus cup which is believed by some experts to have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini. In curious pathetic contrast to the barbaric splendour of much of the plate always displayed on the occasion of a State banquet, and which includes the far-famed life-sized gold tiger's head, of which the eyes and teeth are of rock crystal, is the small silver-gilt porringer pot always used by Napoleon I. on his campaigns, and which was found in his deserted travelling case after Waterloo.

All those requiring Servants should read pages 15 and 16 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

£500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion — £500.
For the Second Best — £100.
Eighty other Suggestions — £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

We reserve the right to award for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed to—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carmelite-street,
LONDON, E.C.

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All postcards should be addressed to—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carmelite-street,
LONDON, E.C.

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

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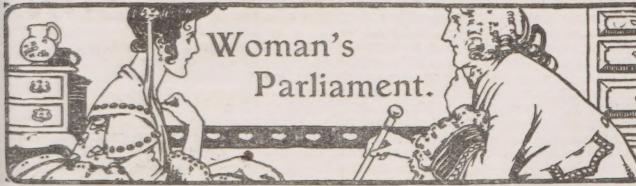
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SMOKING IN THEATRES.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

I daresay I am old-fashioned, but I hope you will let me say a word about the proposal to allow smoking in the theatres. I wish to protest against an innovation which can only cause serious discomfort to most of the members of my own sex.

Of course, I know that some women—who doubtless would like to be regarded as gentlewomen—have given themselves up to the smoking habit, but they are fortunately still in the minority. Even these, I fancy, do not want smoking in the theatres. Our dining rooms, our drawing rooms, and even our boudoirs have been invaded by the fumes of tobacco. We women are too lenient in this matter, and we shall be foolish indeed if we allow the customs of the music-hall to be introduced into the theatre!

We have it in our power to decide this matter. If smoking is allowed in any theatre we can best express our dissent by not going there.

Our standard of manners must have suffered a change for the worse when such a question as this is seriously discussed. Fancy the condition of a lady's hair and clothes after an evening spent in an atmosphere of cigar and cigarette smoke! Fancy a gentleman of fifty years ago wishing to smoke in a theatre!

I hope the *Daily Mirror* will stand firmly against an ill-mannered and selfish proposal, and thus preserve the good will of one who is not ashamed to sign herself

AN OLD LADY.

A FAIR AMERICAN READER'S PROTEST.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

As an American girl, who takes a great interest in your delightful paper, I hope you will allow me to come to the defence of my countrywomen by denying the statements of "A Mere Man" in the *Daily Mirror*. He says apropos of overdressing in the morning: "The fact is, that we have borrowed from New York this un-English fashion of over-dressing in the morning and in the street." It is evident that "A Mere Man" has never been to New York, or he would have noticed the tastefulness of the American lady's walking toilette. It is considered extremely vulgar in New York for any woman to be at all notice-

ably dressed in the street, and not only are the morning gowns made in dark shades, but they are almost severely simple, and although handsome furs are worn the hat is always the quietest though smartest description.

The sort of clothes which an Englishwoman wears out of doors in London would be impossible in New York, and would bring her only grave annoyance. No one would believe at first sight that the lady was either well-born or refined.

I have often had to explain to American women that in England it is not always the chorus girl alone who makes herself unduly conspicuous in the street.

EVELYN BIGELOW.

GERMAN HUSBANDS AND ENGLISH WIVES.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Certain it is that our English girls find favour in the eyes of German would-be Benedict, and that Anglo-German matches number not a few.

While quite agreeing with Miss Vane Turner's views on the lack of fresh air in German living rooms, I must entirely disagree with her views on one or two other points.

For instance, what she calls the drudging of Theodor's mother and sisters is simply domesticity, the house frau's motto being that her home is her world, and it would be well if our English housewives would take a leaf out of her book; and what is spoken of as her shabby clothing is just her sensible, work-a-day fashion, minus the useless, cumbersome tawdriness that I am afraid only too often adorns the English housewife. The foregoing, however, is descriptive of middle-class families only.

There are numbers of English girls who have married into the first German families, and are shining lights, much courted by society, and very happy in their German homes, where, if they wish, they entertain in just the same manner as they would in England, and such entertaining is much appreciated by German society.

In conclusion, my experience of German politeness has been that, instead of lacking that quality, they possess it in excess.

Bournemouth. MARY GREENSTREET.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER ON WIGS.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Will you allow me space in your brilliant paper to ever so gently protest against a paragraph which directly concerns me, and which is entitled "Wigs on the Green."

The writer is kind enough to say that I am "otherwise amiable," but, believe me, I am quite amiable on the matter of wigs also. I am sorry if I have offended anybody by being fairly outspoken on the matter of wigs, but I have no sensitiveness on these points myself, and must be forgiven if I cannot understand that any woman of sense should mind the whole world knowing how old she is, whether she wears a wig or her own hair, or whether she has replaced aching, and possibly ugly, teeth by artificial ones; but I can understand that the wearer of a wig is sensitive as regards the condition of that article. When I wore one myself, I found it quite impossible to take my hat off and show myself without making some small efforts at re-arrangement.

When I said that ninety-nine women out of a hundred wear wigs I did not mean to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, nor certainly did I mean to suggest that ninety-nine out of a hundred women of the entire population of this kingdom wear other hair than their own. I intended the remark to apply in a general way to theatre-goers, and to imply that a very large number of women do wear wigs, and that I stoutly maintain. A fair-minded person has only to look at the advertisement sheets of any of the great ladies' papers, when he will find—I wish to be taken literally this time—a large number of expensive advertisements pointing out the advantages of the different houses who make these articles of feminine adornment. In one recently I counted nine half-page advertisements, with lavish illustrations of fair ladies sporting what are delicately called "transformations." No other proof is needed of the gigantic proportions of this trade.

I say nothing against such additions to feminine beauty; indeed, many thousands of ladies would be highly commendable did they at once cover their scrappy heads with such artistic creations; but, equally certain is it that the best course is to grow your own hair, and personally, without desiring to be unamiable—let alone spiteful—I do think it is a pity when possessors of ample locks cover them with a wig. In my own personal acquaintance I know two girls, one two-and-twenty and the other four-and-twenty, both with lovely heads of hair, who have been persuaded into buying and wearing these things.

Personally, I do wish Mr. Chamberlain could put a tax upon wigs, both for men and women. Anyone reduced to wearing a wig from necessity would not grudge the few shillings. Surely a wig is as well worth paying for as a dog?

JOHN STRANGE WINTER,
(Hennetta E. V. Stannard.)J. W. ELVERY & CO.'S
NEW RAIN-COATS.

21/-, 25/-, 30/-.

In HARRIS, DONGAL and HOMESPUN. A Selection of Coats sent on approval on receipt of Business Reference. New Patterns and particulars at 3, BOND STREET, LONDON, W. Also at 46 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, 184, Nassau Street, DUBLIN; and at 76, Patrick Street, CORKE.

31, CONDUIT STREET
One door from New Bond Street, LONDON, W. Also at 46 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, 184, Nassau Street, DUBLIN; and at 76, Patrick Street, CORKE.

VALERIE, 12, New Burlington Street, W. . . .
COURT MILLINER,



Pretty biscuit felt, trimmed black astrakhan and gold galon.

Lovely plume darling through brim. Price 2gs.

MADAME VALERIE announces her return from Paris, with a Large Collection of HATS and MILLINERY, having secured the services of Modistes from the leading Paris Houses. She has now "les derniers crûs" in HATS and BONNETS at her Shop, at her usual moderate prices.

SCENTED VELVETS 17/- each, a fine selection of FURS.

Renovations a Specialty.

Millinery sent on Approval upon Receipt of London Trade Reference; or Deposit.

The MIGNON CORSET.

A quite new corset, cut low in bust, so as to give perfect freedom to the upper part of the figure.

At the same time these Corsets are cut high at the sides to keep the figure well in position, while they are also cut low at the hips with best whalebone and suspenders attached.

PRICE FROM
35/-

New Best BODICES, 12/6.

Made to Order, with personal fitting—every measurement form, or can be had on approval, with other models.

HANCOCK & JAMES
Over Grafton Galleries,

8, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST.

REDMAYNE & CO., Ltd.

BARGAINS FOR TEN DAYS.

R. & Co. have just completed several Important Purchases of PARIS MANUFACTURERS' STOCKS, which they are offering THIS DAY, and following days, at exceptional prices.

NEW PARIS MANTLES.

NEW PARIS BLOUSES.

NEW FANCY SILKS.

WHITE SATINS AND BROCADES.

MUCH UNDER PRESENT VALUE.

Bargains in HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

Bargains in TEA GOWNS and DRESSING GOWNS.

Bargains in LACE AND FANCY GOODS.

Ladies are specially invited to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

REDMAYNE & CO., Ltd.,
19, 20, NEW BOND-ST., & 34, 35, CONDUIT-ST., LONDON, W.

Continued from Page 13.

Martia," she said. "I always think that is simply perfect."

Martia nodded her head, assenting somewhat grudgingly; then she took off her hat and coat and threw herself, with a movement of weary abandon, into a big osier chair near the window, where the small table with the tea-tray was placed.

Lady Claudia handed her tea and thin toast and poured cream over a plate of luscious strawberries.

"Forgive me playing hostess to you in your own house, Martia," she said, with gentle humour. "But I'm sure you're very tired." From the look of faint surprise on her beautiful face it was plain that she was wondering whether there was not something else the matter with her friend.

"Claudia," said Martia, after she had drunk a cup of strong tea and eaten some of the cool strawberries, "you are the only person I know in the whole world except Philip who always does exactly the right thing."

Lady Claudia smiled a little sadly.

"I am afraid, Martia," she remarked, "that you are the only person who thinks so."

For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the tinkle of the fine china and the drowsy hum of the insects outside. Martia leaned back in her chair, with her eyes half-closed. She looked at Lady Claudia with gratitude and affection, and it seemed to her that her superstitious fears, born of that unaccountable prescience of evil, left her, and she drew calmness and strength from the noble beauty of her friend's face.

Lady Claudia was superbly beautiful. It had never been contested. It was a loveliness before which all critics were dumb. She was, as one would imagine, a goddess, or a queen, tall, slim, admirably proportioned, full of health and vigour, and yet delicately graceful as a lily stem. To describe her face, one could only say that it was perfect, in proportion, in colouring, in line. Her hair was dark, and grew low on her square brow, from which it was brushed back in heavy glossy waves, and gathered in a close knot on her neck. And with all this beauty went the vivifying touch of character. There was strength in the lovely face, and the serenity of a perfectly-balanced nature.

She wore a long clinging gown of soft white material, and she had taken off her broad-brimmed hat, and laid it on the couch beside her. She looked to Martia's admiring gaze like the statue of a Greek goddess in Parian marble, only, while a statue's eyes are blank, Claudia Waynecleef's were of a wonderful brown colour, shot with strange lights of green and grey, and out of them looked a beauty soul.

"And yet," thought Martia with amazement, "this perfect creature is going to sell herself to a brainless hypocrite like Verulam!"

But she did not hint at what was passing in her mind. She turned and looked out of the window, with a sort of helpless impatience.

"The whole house is dreadful," she said. "Just look at the garden! I suppose it is after coming from Chesney Lodge that I notice it so much. And it is my fault—that is the worst of it. I'm such a wretched house-keeper; I can't do things that have to be done economically. Oh, Claudia, it is miserable to poor!"

"Yes, it is," assented the other, with a little smile that revealed a delicate sense of humour in the curves of her beautiful lips. "But, you don't know much about poverty, Martia. Not," she added in a lower tone—"as I do."

"No, poor Claudia," said Martia remorsefully. "I'm only hopelessly extravagant and selfish, while you're a heroine, and deny yourself everything except the barest necessities, so that Jacqueline may have pretty gowns to put on her back."

"No, no, Martia!" said Lady Claudia, quickly.

"But it is true," continued her friend, with a touch of indignation. "You can't deny it, Claudia. Of course, it is not anybody's business but yours; and, I won't talk about it any more, as you don't like it. Why have you come away from London, Claudia? Can you spare the time? You ought to be awfully busy about your trousseau. Isn't the wedding to be early in September?"

A look of weariness passed over Lady Claudia's face.

"Oh, it is the result of one of our edifying family differences," she said, with a touch of proud bitterness in her voice, which, with its firm, serene tones, carried out the promise of her face.

"Oh, poor Claudia!" murmured Martia, sympathetically.

"You know how it is with us," said the other girl, "I can talk to you, Martia. I want to know whether another woman who has an ordinary woman's feelings about such matters considers me as mad and hyper-sensitive and foolish as my family do. It is all about this wretched trousseau, the piles of finery that a girl has to load herself with before, it appears; she can enter upon married life with any degree of self-respect. Well, everybody knows how poor we are. I don't mind that. But I did mind when Lord Clowes told my mother that he wished me to buy clothes to the amount of a thousand pounds at his expense, so that I might be fitted out in a manner worthy of Verulam's position." She flung back her head; her nostrils quivered with suppressed anger. Martia had never seen the stately Claudia so agitated before. "I answered him that if my father's daughter would disgrace Verulam's position in the clothes that she could afford out of her own purse, she declined the honour of occupying it at all."

"Quite right," murmured Martia, approvingly. "He puts things in such a horrid way. What happened?"

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY CLAUDIA leaned against the stiff straight back of the couch. Martia, who watched her with dawning anxiety, saw that her face was white with a pallor not natural in such a superbly healthy and sane organism, and that the drop of her lips and something in the attitude of her whole body betrayed a mortal weariness. When she spoke her voice sounded as if she were forcibly suppressing all manner of unrestful emotions.

"What happened?" she said, echoing Martia's question with a little laugh that had no mirth in it. "Oh, the usual thing! Recriminations and tears from mother, sneers from Jacqueline. Oh, I feel a perfect beast to talk like this about my people," she cried, with sudden vehemence. "But you understand, Martia, I don't want to say anything against them; but we are so different—we see things differently. They call me ungrateful, churlish, to refuse Lord Clowes' offer to make myself gorgeous at his expense. And I don't want to say anything against him, either. I have no doubt he meant well, and I know that such things are done, and, under other circumstances, it might be all right. But—" she broke off with a sigh, and, after a moment's silence, continued, in the hurried, nervous manner of an extremely reserved person who at last found it imperative to confide in someone. "I daresay it seems childish to you—to refuse a present from Verulam's father, when I am going to accept everything from Verulam himself. I see it myself, but—oh, it is the whole thing, Martia! If only they wouldn't talk about his position morning, noon, and night. I am tired to death of it."

"It is no doubt a fine position," said Martia. "It is the only thing that reconciles me, Claudia, to your marrying Verulam."

"What do you mean?" Lady Claudia's beautiful eyes flashed a strange glance at her friend's face. It was startled, almost frightened.

"I mean," said Martia, "that you are a queen by nature, Claudia, and you ought to have a splendid setting. As Verulam's wife you will have everything you can possibly desire. I am already looking forward to seeing you *en grande tenue*; in a white velvet gown, with old lace, and all the Clowes' rubies on your neck and in your hair. You will be the most beautiful woman in the whole world, my Claudia." Despite this glowing description of her friend's future splendour, Martia's voice was by no means enthusiastic.

A startling change had swept over the other girl's face, convulsing the beautiful features with a pain that was almost agony. She held out her hands, as if Martia's words were blows that she was warding off.

"Oh, you must not talk like that," she cried, in a choked voice. "I can't allow it—not even you, Martia! I can't bear it! You must not talk about it at all!"

Martia heard several things in those muffled tones—self-loathing and fear, dominant among them, an overwhelming misery.

She leaned forward, and spoke with all the earnestness of an intense solemn warning in the beautiful tones of her emotional voice.

"Claudia, don't do this thing! I knew it was like this with you. I knew you could not be doing it because—because you wanted to. Oh, Claudia, you are my friend, and I love you as if you were my sister, and you have kept away from me all these last days, because you knew that you could not deceive me. Do listen to me before it is too late! You don't care for Verulam; you can't. Such a nature as yours could not be attracted by him. I don't know why you are doing it, but it must be because you don't know what it means. Claudia, you are a true woman, and there are a hundred things that will make a woman sad and weary and despondent; but there is one thing that makes life intolerable, that makes her wish she were dead with every new day that dawns—and that is the state of her mind, if she be married to a man she does not love."

There was a silence. Lady Claudia had buried her proud head in her hands. For all their intimacy, Martia felt a sort of guilt in looking at her, as if she had surprised some secret that should have been sacred from the eyes of all men. But her earnestness was greater than her embarrassment, and she was determined, if she could, to snatch this sister soul from such a hideous destiny as opened up before her in a loveless marriage with an unworthy man.

Lady Claudia looked up. Her face was grey and drawn.

"Martia, have mercy!" she whispered. "Don't talk like that! You can't know from experience."

"No, I know from the other side," said her friend, her voice soft with all the memories and the joys of her great love. "I know that when a woman is married to the man she loves, she has tasted heaven on earth. And it is not for nothing that an instinct has been given to us, which has proved true through all the ages when women have followed their hearts; and we know, although no one should tell us, that if we marry without love we turn the world of our own accord into a wilderness. It isn't given to all of us to make it a Paradise; but we can all keep it a place that we can walk in without a thorn piercing our feet at every step."

"But, Martia, see how few women marry for love. And yet—look around you, they all seem content!" Lady Claudia's voice was full of humble appeal. It touched Martia to the quick, because it showed her all the hesitation and fear and misery that the proud girl had never before allowed to escape her eyes and lips.

"Don't believe it, Claudia," she said; and her great earnestness transfigured her face, wiping out all personal feelings, and touching it with a compelling charm that transcended the flawless perfection of the beautiful girl at her side, and made her seem as the angels pleading with a mortal not to forsake the light that it has been given to him to see.

"Of course," she went on, "there are women who are content, because they have mercenary souls that only want money, or ambitious souls that long for power; but even they in their hearts must feel that they have bartered their happiness for something that they grasp for a moment and think they have for ever, but which turns to dust and ashes in their hands. But you are not one of those women, Claudia. I wouldn't insult you by supposing for one moment that you would sell yourself in order to live for the rest of your life in bodily ease."

Lady Claudia gave a low moan of pain, and looked with eyes of dumb reproach into her friend's face.

"Sell myself! Oh, Martia, how can you?"

"But it is true. Don't be angry with me; it is only because I am so fond of you, and I am sure that some little particles of the dust that the world throws up have got into your eyes, and blinded you to the real meaning of the thing that you mean to do. If you don't give yourself, you sell yourself. And you wouldn't look or speak as you are doing, if you were going to marry Verulam with gladness in your heart, because there was no other man in the world who could make you happy. Its no good, Claudia! I know you are thinking that it's none of my business; but it is often the thing we care most about with which we have no right to interfere. If you won't listen to me, you must go away; but if you stay, I'm going to say what is in my heart, because I love you; and I can't stand by and see you make yourself miserable for the rest of your life without a protest. Why, Claudia, ever since I have been Philip's wife, we have been the closest friends, and yet, since Verulam returned and your engagement was announced, you have deliberately avoided me. So there must be something the matter with you."

Lady Claudia sat up suddenly, and, with obvious difficulty, composed her face into an expression of fixed determination.

"Martia," she said, "you are paining us both needlessly. I am not a bit angry with you, but I have made up my mind."

"I repeat there must be something the matter, some wrong idea you have got into your mind. You don't care for Verulam; you can't, you have refused to marry him at least half a dozen times. They have been worrying you for years."

"No, I don't care for him," said Lady Claudia almost angrily. "Listen, Martia. You yourself have reconciled me more than anyone else to this loveless marriage that you so scathingly denounce."

"I? Claudia!" Martia's face betrayed an astonishment that was almost stupefaction.

"Yes, you who are married to the man you love, you whose life is called an idyll, whose happiness has been a challenge to the whole world to dare deny that love is not the greatest good on earth. Almost immediately after I had consented to become engaged to Verulam I repented. I will be frank with you. It was easier while he was away, and you know how ardently both our families desired it. But when he came back, and I found that my feelings of old had not changed in the least, I felt that it was impossible. I felt what you have just now so eloquently described, Martia, that for no reason and under no circumstances whatever has a woman the right to sell herself into matrimony and deny the highest part of her nature, which demands sympathy and love between herself and the man she marries.

"I made my decision known to my mother, who received it with tears and lamentations, and then followed it up by accusing me of dishonourable conduct in trying to back out of a solemn engagement. It was in vain that I told her I would rather die than marry Verulam. She could not grasp the fact that her cherished plans were defeated; and, after a fearful scene, I agreed to wait twenty-four hours more before I finally decided. Well, before that twenty-four hours elapsed, I saw you, Martia, as I have seen you several times since, looking so unutterably miserable, so weary, so crushed, as if by some fearful load of sorrow, that I said to myself, 'If she can look like that, a woman who is married to the man she loves, who has repeatedly told me that she has everything she can possibly desire—then what can anything matter? I may as well marry Verulam, and please everybody; since, if I wait for the fabled Prince Charming, there is no guarantee that in three years' time I also shall not have occasion to look as if I wished I were dead.'

There was something almost brutal in her words. All her gentle serenity was gone; it seemed that in a frenzy of self-vindication she was "heedless of the arrows that she planted in her friend's heart."

Martia had gone white to the very lips, and listened to the recital in a kind of fascinated horror that sealed her lips.

"Do you understand, Martia?" Lady Claudia went on. "Can you deny that when you are unhappy? I know that when you are in the world you are gay and bright; you laugh and make merry. But in repose I have watched you, when you thought yourself unobserved, and I have wondered if a woman who does not love her husband is not better off, after all, for she could not look as unhappy as you. So it seems that all of us women are destined to wear a mask. There is no fighting against it. Therefore I made up my mind to fasten mine on securely, and never before allowed to escape her eyes and lips."

It seemed to Martia that a cold hand had

been suddenly laid on her heart. So she had not worn her mask well, after all! The busy, careless throng of men and women had been deceived, but not so this girl who was her friend, and who, arriving at a false conclusion, was going because of the fancied failure of her marriage to let slip all that was worth having in life. The sting of the girl's words was all the more piercing because they were so true. If she had not so greatly loved her husband she could not have suffered so bitterly. The secret that she was keeping from him was killing her, and yet she had to keep the secret in order not to lose his love.

In this wave of agonising consciousness that surged over her she almost forgot her friend, forgot to pity her because of that hard, flippant manner that vainly tried to assume lightness and carelessness, but only revealed the fearful ravages that this contemplated action was making in her heart.

"You see, Martia," said Lady Claudia, with a strange, cold light of resentment making her eyes flash like steel, "you have nothing to say. You know that what I say is true, that what our worldly mothers tell us is true, that the things to grasp at are the things visible and material, and not the Chimeras of Love, that makes you think for a moment that the world's goods are nothing, and then vanishes and leaves you to the knowledge that they are everything, and that you have passed them by."

Martia rose suddenly to her feet and paced up and down the room, with the sound of her friend's harsh laughter ringing mockingly in her ears. For a few moments her face was convulsed with a profound agitation, and then she came and sat down again, and Lady Claudia was moved to make a gesture of intense contrition, as she saw that great tears were streaming down her friend's ashen face.

"Oh, Claudia," she said brokenly, "you are wrong, you are wrong! I don't know what you mean, what you can possibly mean. You are talking like a stranger to-day; I hardly know you. But I repeat what I have told you, that love is the one treasure that endures. Other sorrows may come, I don't deny it. Life may be dark and difficult, but if you have love it makes it tolerable, it helps you—it—" Her voice trailed off into a low moan. What was she saying? Was she misleading this girl? Was she lying, because she must grasp at the shadow of that perfect bliss that had been hers, or else sink down into the blackness of eternal night? Could any suffer as she was suffering? Was she speaking falsely, because, to save her reason, she must throw dust in her own eyes?

"Ah, Martia! Tell me the truth!" Lady Claudia leaned forward. She fixed her eyes masterfully on her friend's face, and it seemed to the stricken woman that they pierced her through and through. Her tone was a command. It was as if she were demanding of life as a right to know this fundamental truth of life. "Do we suffer more through love or through the lack of it?"

And Martia buried her head in her hands, and, when she looked up, all attempt at subterfuge was wiped out of her face, and she looked like a person who has peered in through the gates of Hell, and her voice, when she spoke, was muffled in the heavy garment of agonising doubt.

"Good Heavens!" she muttered. "I do not know."

"You see," said Claudia harshly, "out of your own mouth you have answered me." Her eyes glinted coldly, but her voice had regained its accustomed serenity. "We are not going to quarrel, Martia. It was no doubt with the best intention that you tried to tell me the worn out fairy tale. But you are too honest, and I am not in the least angry with you. I have come to the conclusion that women with hearts have a dreadful time, and I wish we were all like Jacqueline, who is at the present moment happily buying her bridesmaid's finery at Lord Clowes' expense."

Martia had controlled herself with a mighty effort. She looked up, with a light of understanding in her eyes.

"I see, Claudia, it is for her—for your sister you are doing it."

Lady Claudia shrugged her shoulders, a gesture that sat as incongruously upon her as the cynical levity of her manner on this first day of self-revelation that she had allowed herself since her engagement had been announced. "If you like to put it like that. Of course, it will give her a great chance. And then my mother was bent on it. To tell you the truth, I could not live with them any longer, and I was brought up to work. I had to fly from London now, or else say things that I should regret afterwards. Since I refused Lord Clowes' offer, every time we passed through Bond-street, mother made a scene, and she talked all day long about the good a trip to Paris would have done her. I can't stand that sort of thing. Afterwards they will both be able to shop to their heart's content."

"I see," said Martia, slowly. "You are a victim. But—you—you seem to do it in such a strange spirit, Claudia. You are an enigma."

"Oh, I have no illusions about the beauty of sacrifice, if that is what you mean," said the other, with a harsh laugh that was so out of harmony with her noble bearing that it had almost the effect of a physical blow.

"No, you seem to throw it at them, like a bone to a dog. But the mood won't last, Claudia, and you have no right to do it. Oh, listen to me; you are too big, too free—"

Lady Claudia held up a warning hand as she rose and said: "Not another word, Martia. We have settled it. As you are all alone, come to dinner with us to-night. Lord Clowes and Verulam will be there. It is my future father-in-law's birthday, and I have knitted him a silk purse to keep his pennies in."

To be Continued To-morrow.

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"Daily Mirror" Private Advertisements (Continued).

ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

A GAY GARDEN, January to June, 6s; photographs free.—Dobies (No. 15), Chester.

A SHOT Tulle all's pattern, quite new, 10s; a lovely black silk tea gown, profusely trimmed with cream lace, price 25s.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

A QUANTITY of ladies' riding habits for sale very cheap.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street (2nd floor).

A LARGE quantity of boots and shoes at low prices.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

A LARGE stock of underlinen to be sold at very low prices; all travellers' samples.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

A PHARMACIES HALL Examination; specimens one guinea.—Tyson, Travancore, Ryde.

A PILE TRIM, iron and hollow; Cox's orange pipkin and others, 6s. 6d. odon-Brotchie, Robertbridge.

A NIENT CHINA, ENGRAVINGS, LACES, MINIATURES, NEEDLEWORK, PICTURES, &c.—Miss Falcke, 4, Orchard-street, W.

BOOKS—Any valuable ones wanted; also "Times" Encyclopedia, 35 vols.—Baker's Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

BOOKS—Have you any books to sell? If so, send to us; express cash settlements; list of 3,000 wanted free.—Juckes, Booksellers, Birmingham.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, complete set, 50 articles, very choice, unused; 21s.; approval. Mrs. Max. The Chase, Nottingham.

BLACK Velvet Russian coat, with long basque 1st sleeve wide collar, with designs of glass buttons, £2.—The Mart and Exchange, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

BLouses, Costumes, Silk Petticoats, Corsets Underlinen.—Extraordinary value.—25s. Lorn & D. Brixton.

BLK S pleated cloth dress, very handsome trimmed white glazed and fancy band, lined with white satin, £4. 4s.; The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

BLUE tucked glace evening gown, panels around skirt of real lace appliqued mounted on white glazed white chiffon, very handsome.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

BROWN Tweed travelling, lined squirrel, beaver collar and cuffs;—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

BROADEAD SILK Shirt, 15s.; handsome black sequin skirt, over black silk, price 25s.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.

BREAKFAST Delicacies—George Young and Sons, Limited, Teignmouth, Devonshire; after, 10s. 6d. half a pound; 10s. 6d. each; cased smoked bacon at 7d per lb, also 1lb. box choice Dorsen salted butter at 1d. per lb.

BUFF ORPINGTONS, Leghorns, Faveroles, Doves; Doves; pigeons; poultry reared.—Miss Edwards, Coates Poultry Farm, Gloucestershire.

CANADIAN Sabie maff and the, £35.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES.—We are Artists in Teeth; every set a special study; sets of 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, each.—The People's Teeth Association, 139, Strand, London, W.C.

DANCING Surface Instanter without dust or grease; the genuine and original Turner's Ballerina, which can be obtained at Harry's Beauty Shop, 10, John Bull, 10, Argyll and Navy Street, by post, 1s. 2d., 1s. 5d., and 2s. 6d. from Turner, Errol-road, Manchester.

FRANC Paries, myosotis, fairy wallflowers, 30 plants, 1s. 6d.—Rev. Lunn, Fairfield, Bromsgrove.

FISH—7lbs. 2s., 10lbs. and upwards 3d. per lb.; carefully cleaned; carriage paid; freshness guaranteed; trade supplies; price lists on application.—Crown Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

GENTLEMAN'S Overcoat; blue cloth, gold collar; chest measurement 42 inches; perfect condition n—Box No. 805, "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond-street.

GENT'S or boy's reliable watch, in oxidized or nickel case, grant wear, jewelled movement; 10s. 6d. each.—Kerr, 76, the two—Trition Watch Company, 10, Bond-street, London, W.C.

GREY Cloth costume, pleated skirt. Russian blouse with chinchilla collar, rever and cuffs of white leather, trimmed steel beads, 2s. 6d.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

GREY Silk costume, evening gown; good size; 28.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

GENTLEMAN'S Black Cloth motor coat, lined natural fur; £15.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

GOODS are not sent on approval.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

LADY'S gold stamped keyless watch, richly jewelled movement and timer; carriage paid, 17s. 6d.; approval.—Trition Watch Company, 10, Warwick-court, Holborn.

LARGE tener, grain-fed, harvest chickens, 2s. 6d. each; carriage paid.—Watson, Terence, Banty, London.

MAGNIFICENT Sabie Pelerine, very large; £12, another a beautiful cable, 6s. price 28.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.

MARABOUT Stole, very wide and three yards long; in natural brown; cost 25s. weight 10 lbs.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street, W.

MAID to Lady, girls privately ladies' 18-carat gold-cased dress, rings, set Orient Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and Sapphires; accept payment before delivery; £100.—Bracelet, pretty centre-piece, only 5s.; approval before payment, privately.—Miss Russell, 13, Upper Montague-street, London, W.

NAVY SERGE, Real from 1s. 3d. yard, excellent value, pattern free.—Cracknell, Portman.

PINK Silk open collar, lined white satin, collar and shoulders trimmed gauze and perfectly draped lace, wide flounce of lace over skirt; 10s. 6d.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street, W.

PERSIAN Lamb coat; price £3.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

POTATOES—Good sound potatoes delivered, 5s. 6d. per bag; cash with order, returnable.—unatisfactory.—Henry, 1, St. James's-court, London, S.W. Established 1810.

SEAL Bolso in excellent condition; £6.—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

SPLENDID pair of riding boots, size large five; quite new; by Box, Regent-street; £24, with trees.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

SEVERAL lovely ostrich feather and tortoise shell fans for sale at the Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 1s. 25s. each.

A QUANTITY of hats and shoes at low prices.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street.

SHOOT Russian coat in caracul, with large collar and wide sleeves; price £2; a similar coat, trimmed lovely chinchilla, price £3.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Driving Coat, in navy blue cloth; full size; 28.—The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.

TEA GOWN of white panne, with frillings of chiffon, edged lace at bottom of sleeve and waist; trimmings lace and silk;—The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

BOOKS—Any valuable ones wanted; also "Times" Encyclopedia, 35 vols.—Baker's Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

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